VOL. CCXIII, No. 2779

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THE SPHERE, MAY 16, 1953
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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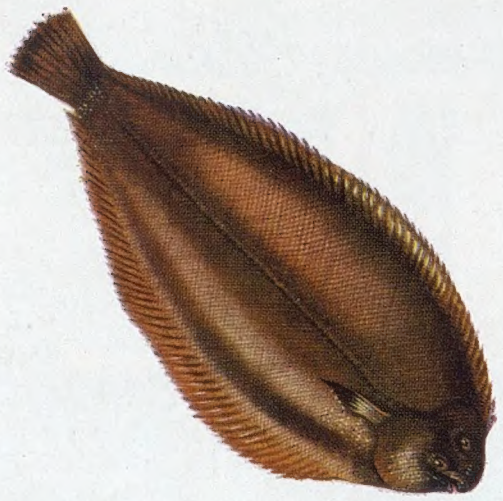
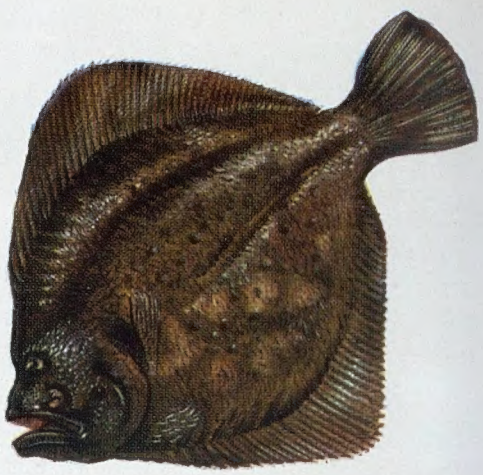
Guinness Guide to Sea Fish



SOLES

whether from Dover or Torbay, are admirable subjects for gastronomic ingenuity. Sole Mornay, in cheese sauce; Colbert, baked and served with maître-d'hôtel butter; Normande, with oysters, mussels and mushrooms; Hollandaise, Meunière, Bonne Femme — the list is inexhaustible, and irresistible.



TURBOT

à la reine is included by Hilaire Belloc in a list of the major pleasures of the table. When the white wine, in which the fish is baked, has been added to a Velouté sauce, the fish briefly re-baked in that, and finally garnished with mushrooms, a man will surely be "contented with his prandial lot."

RED MULLET

are among the most delicious of fish. One way of doing them the fullest possible justice is to cook them in tomato pulp, prepared with celery, garlic and parsley, fried in oil and put through a sieve. Justice, undoubtedly, further demands that they be served with Guinness.

WHITEBAIT

are the young of herrings and sprats. For more than a hundred years after 1765 Members of Parliament dined off them annually at Greenwich. Today, as then, many people call for a Guinness to join the brown bread and butter and lemon that are the usual table-companions of whitebait.

HERRINGS

are regarded by many epicures as the supreme fish. Edward VII liked them cooked in the Scots way, with oatmeal, but don't let's be dogmatic about that. Herrings, rich in vitamins, share with Guinness the distinction of being both good and good for you.

MACKEREL

quickly lose their flavour, as well as their beautiful shimmering colour, but if eaten within a few hours of leaving the sea there are few more delectable fish. Try them grilled, sprinkled with chopped fennel, and served with a sauce of gooseberry purée.

HADDOCK

is the only possible fish with which to make kedgeree, which many bons vivants, including Christopher Morley, consider the finest dish in the world. Even if you disagree, there is no doubt that for a full-flavoured fish like haddock, Guinness is a natural boon companion.

—AND GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.2063

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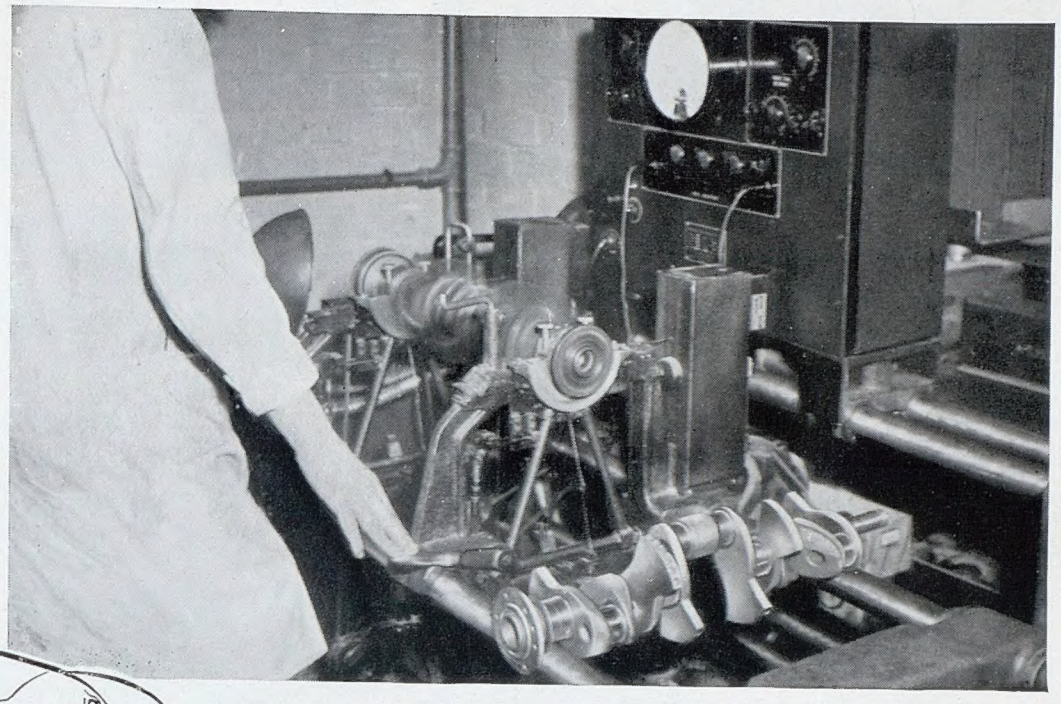

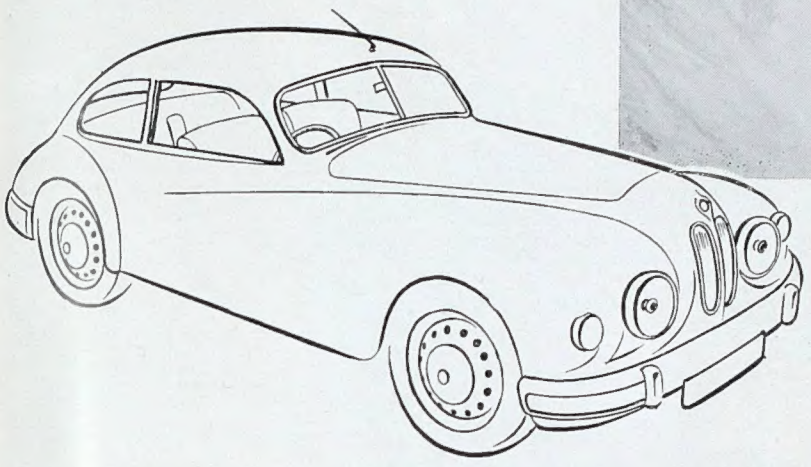

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"Do you think I might have a little whisky instead: I should prefer White Horse if you have it."

Volume CCXIII No. 2779 The SPHERE, London, May 16, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

DAWN REHEARSAL FOR THE CORONATION—THE STATE COACH AT THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY ANNEXE AT THE START OF LAST SUNDAY'S EARLY MORNING DRIVE THROUGH LONDON ALONG THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTE CHOSEN FOR TUESDAY, JUNE 2: The War Office described the rehearsal as a skeleton one to brief commanders and to perfect timing, but it turned out to be a procession more than a mile long, the trial lasting nearly four hours. **(See also pages 254-55.)**

Several hundred people, including some who had waited since midnight, gathered outside Buckingham Palace at 5 a.m. last Sunday morning to watch a rehearsal of the Coronation procession to Westminster Abbey and along the route back to the Palace. This was the first rehearsal in which the State coach had been used, that massive, highly-gilded vehicle of ancient lineage, which now glides more smoothly along on rubber tyres and has been fitted inside with fluorescent lighting. Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, G.O.C. London District, travelled with the Queen's procession which was due to reach Westminster Abbey at 7 a.m. Just as the clock was striking, the coach drew to a standstill, being greeted by a fanfare from eight trumpeters of the Royal School of Music, Kneller Hall. After an hour's rest for the Windsor Greys, the State coach resumed the journey, travelling along the processional route which goes through the heart of the West End. After the rehearsal it was generally agreed that timing was perfect and that all had gone according to plan.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE CITY ALE-CONNERS PAY THEIR CALL

THE ALE-CONNING CEREMONY AT THE TIGER INN, TOWER HILL, LONDON: A fanfare is sounded as two City of London ale-conners give the traditional knock on the door demanding to taste the ale. The ceremony, revived this year, dates back to the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth, when it was forbidden to sell ale to the public before it had been sampled by the official conners.

M.P.s PROTEST AGAINST FEDERATION

SCOTTISH M.P.s GO TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO PRESENT A PETITION TO THE QUEEN: Led by the Rev. William Galbraith, chairman of the Scottish Council for the African Question, a party of Scottish M.P.s and others arrive at the Palace where they hoped to present a petition of 27,000 Scots signatories to the Queen protesting against the Federation of Central Africa. They are Miss Margaret Herbison (Labour M.P. for Lanark, North), Mr. Morgan Thompson (Labour M.P. for Dundee) and Mr. Donald Wade (Liberal M.P. for Huddersfield, West). Last week, in the Commons, Mr. Attlee affirmed his opposition to the Bill for Central African Federation, but said that it was the duty of all to try to make it work to the best of their ability if it became law.

BOWLER-HATTED GUARDSMEN OFF PARADE

WATCHING THE REHEARSAL OF THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: This was the scene at the side of the parade-ground as Guardsmen took part in the first of eight rehearsals for the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 11, the Queen's official birthday. Although it was only the first rehearsal, with many of those taking part dressed in khaki, there was a large crowd of spectators. See also pages 254-55.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Nye's Impatience.—Mr. Bevan has called on the Premier for a General Election. He won't be happy till he gets it . . . an election and the plum which a successful election brings to an ambitious statesman of the winning party. Mr. Bevan issued his orders at a Rally of Scottish miners. The order didn't go quite according to plan. For when he called on Sir Winston to retire, the miners, instead of roaring approval, cried aloud that Sir W. " is a grand old gentleman." So Nye hedged. He only wanted to secure a last year or so of peace to the old gentleman of eighty. The old gentleman is seventy-eight, born in 1874. Nye was born in 1897, a mere boy, but he can't wait. When a man knows he can save his country and carve a niche in history for himself, waiting is intolerable and fifty-six a dangerous age. So Nye orders an election for the autumn when the Coronation jamboree (which even the " workers " enjoy) is over, and common sense and brass tacks come back. Why? Because Nye is spoiling for the old gentleman's job and is quite prepared to unscramble whatever eggs are cooking and throw all into the melting-pot on an outside chance of outing the Tories and getting back into a key job, and, with average luck, the master-key job. But the grand old *gentleman* is a mere boy also compared with the grand old *man* who was well over eighty when he, too, startled Edinburgh with his vigour. Nye must wait a little longer before he remoulds our world a little nearer to his heart's desire.

May-Day Revels.—O to be in Iceland now that May is here! My heart was wrung for the choristers (if any) on Magdalen Tower, for those Australians at Worcester, enjoying our welcome and our oldest joke, for any old-fashioned maidens who rose early to dabble in the hoar-frost, for all gardeners and other maniacs watching the gale dispersing their pink blossoms in bud, and for all agitators whose May Day processions were washed out and for all cricket grounds on which 2 ins. of rain fell for 31 runs. And surely the most melancholy scene on earth is the washed-out cricket ground, with two dozen spectators still obstinately hoping against hope under umbrellas. With May football ends. Why? Why should it ever end? It is a game which keeps the players warm. Its enthusiastic supporters are half the nation. They are inured to cold when watching football, having fierce partisan fires burning within their breasts. It is essentially a summer game, and should be played for the benefit of half the nation all the year round. The game of cricket should be cricket-on-the-hearth, played wherever old men congregate round the fire, amid the dying embers of memory of old days when summer was summer and winter a season, not a habit. I apologise to all visitors from overseas: You've had it, chum. And no money is returned at the gates. And we don't supply iced-water. Why should we? We know best what is good for you. And suddenly, in a matter of hours, our " oldest joke " comes to its time-honoured point. Summer breaks out and everything in the garden is lovely. Cars run bumper to bumper on the sea-roads. The yachtsmen are sailing their lovely little boats on a Solent which is Mediterranean blue, the New Forest is ablaze with gorse and pink cherry, and nightingales sing in the copses, while families in shirt-sleeves doze or play cricket in every clearing. For my part, I lunched on the sand beside the Solent and then visited Mr. Dalrymple's enchanted garden of Furzey, at Minstead, and I doubt if eight hours could have been better spent anywhere on earth.

Shadows Over Rejoicings.—The death of the Queen's uncle, Colonel Bowes-Lyon, and the loss of the Comet in India were both events of last week which in their different ways cast a shadow over the rejoicings of Coronation day. I suppose that everybody who had ever met him must have loved " Mike " Lyon, and I am sure it could be said of him " literally " that he had not an enemy in the world. His quiet humour and gentle voice and deliberate manner of expression were at once restful and stimulating. At heart he was a countryman, though, if his health had been better, he might well have been a success in a more public sphere. He died comparatively young after making a brave and very philosophical fight against asthma, and a very wide circle of friends and admirers outside his family and the Royal Family are the poorer by his death. As for the Comet airliner, there were no survivors out of a crew and passenger list of forty-three. Air tragedies are greatly publicised, but the risks of flying are statistically as low as on railways, I fancy. But when tragedy overtakes a plane, the chance of individual survival is certainly less than on land and sea.

How to Economise.—Mr. Eisenhower has blazed the trail again. He has announced to the world that Government expenditure can be checked only in one way. It is no use (as our Treasury does) to appeal for economy on the Departments and sometimes even on the county councils; no one listens to directives of that sort. There is only one way—to give to each and all a limit of what they may spend—a *ne plus ultra* ultimatum. And the President thinks a 20 per cent. cut reasonable. Most taxpayers in England would think such a cut here gentle axing. The US economy drive will be felt over here and in Europe. We have all become so used to sitting on the Government with a greasy cap on our knees. It also seems that our Government will be compelled to pioneer " Ike." It would be rather *electric* if we now try to stand on our own bottoms once more. For my part, I recognise the greatness and generosity of America. There are many fine leads which we should do well to follow—not least this way of wielding the axe. But we are an old country, with quite a fine tradition behind us and (being myself a Victorian) I hold the view that in some matters we need not be bound by fetters in their car of triumph. We have still some vestiges of native culture, we have still a peculiar sense of honour (cricket?), and some remnants of a way of life which suited our conditions. Perhaps if we borrow " Ike's " economy axe and find fewer dollars in our greasy cap, we might regain some of our independence in matters of culture and . . . cricket.

IN THE QUEUE FOR THE FIRST OF THE PALACE PARTIES

THE QUEEN'S GUESTS ARRIVE FOR THE FIRST OF THE SEASON'S PRESENTATION PARTIES: The party, postponed from March owing to the death of Queen Mary, was held in the white and gold State Ballroom at Buckingham Palace, and more than 450 debutantes were presented to the Queen, who was also accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Marie Louise. Following the presentations the Queen and other members of the Royal Family moved among the guests.

Pray Silence.—An orator who is called " the dinner-bell of the House " is a man who drives his fellow-members to distraction—and to their dinners. In a word, he is a dangerous bore. But in a majority of public men (now as ever) the dinner-bell summons them to listen to and not to escape oratory. Take the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is his job, as well as his fate, to attend some famous banquet almost every week in the year, during which he may speak and *must* listen to two long hours of oratory. I doubt he accepts it as a prime duty. The established religion must enter into the lives of the people in every field of human endeavour. To some public men, these obligatory dinners must be a heavy penance, and those who suffer from deafness or indigestion, those not by nature comfortably cushioned, must find the long imprisonment and the inexorable duty of listening very grievous. But I fancy a majority of the small band of V.I.P.s who recruit these banquets, almost as a matter of course, do not need our pity. Some positively revel in them and cannot have enough. Some accept with pleasure or expectation of profit either from personal publicity or a hoped-for feast of wit, and many more find in the outpouring of words round a table comforting evidence of the survival of culture and a civilised way of life. Nearly all American public men thrive on after-dinner speeches. For decades they have made of it a business, a success and a recreation. And in England for centuries past it has been easy enough for the organisers to select their seeded speakers and the necessary quota of willing victims. Charities thrive on this lure—a free dinner (orders and decorations), speeches, and then the hat passed round.

The Vital Economy.—Our language is old, but love of words—little as they succeed in improving humanity's lot—is quite certainly ever increasing among all classes round every form of table. At the Academy Banquet on April 30 a good time was had by all at a feast of average wit, but that same day round a hundred tables a hundred score of men and women in central and local and parochial government sat for hours pouring out words on items in overloaded agenda (pages and pages of print, duplicated by battalions of typists), and not only enjoyed themselves, but felt quite certain that "Democracy at its best" was showing its paces and proving its worth. The Treasury is sending out with its latest directives a warning to economise "where possible." It often occurs to me that if words were economised, the rest would follow, and Government expenditure really would tumble down. For if words were rationed by the speed at which they could be taken down *in long-hand*, we should use words with care and relevance and economy. And then we could reduce the staffs of central and local government offices by 50 per cent. We should cut rates, cut taxes, liquidate boredom and perhaps even achieve reforms by the hands and brains of the useful few, unhindered by the verbiage of the redundant many who represent democratic government and way of life at its most expensive and imbecile.

Lost Art of Reviewing.—I confess sympathy with Mr. K. Young, of Blackheath, in his view expressed in the *Daily Telegraph* last week that critics of the Arts and of Literature to-day are (to say the least of it) timid. I am myself too "timid" to speak of modern art and too ignorant to consider musical criticism. I know a little about books, but only venture to back up Mr. Young in the role of a library subscriber. Like him, I have for years sighed for a Macaulay or a Jeffrey with the judgment and the *guts* to slash a really bad book, however "eminent" the writer. Time and again, in my search for a new book to read, I have been tricked by the "timidity" (or is it "log-rolling") of so-called critics, paid well by newspapers, to advise the reading public what it will benefit them to read. Time and again, on their recommendations, I have found my selections to be slush, or filth, or otiose, third-rate, ill-constructed book-making. The honourable reviewer (there are a few) cannot do his job properly. He falls back on the publisher's wrapper blurb or on advices of record sales in America, and transcribes their superlatives into his own words. But neither a British publisher's propaganda man nor the average American reader is necessarily qualified to prompt a trained English literary critic. That we still have a few sound literary critics at work, I know very well, but I share Mr. Young's view that even they are not free to work entirely unfettered by material considerations except in rare instances. They are compelled to cover too much ground in too little time, and those who employ them are compelled by economic circumstances to warn them that hitting a book for six (especially a book from an important publishing firm or by a "popular" author) is not "cricket." That policy, if followed, is not criticism. It is a weak and shameful compromise unworthy of our great literary tradition.

Say it in Spanish.—The country housewife for decades past has faced her regular domestic crises. She is used to them. It is "one of those things." The registration fees now charged by domestic agencies for one dip (blind) into the lucky bag are proof of the universality of the housewife's trials in her search for a resident maid: £5 for a blindfold dip is a gamble indeed. Trained English maids are, of course, to be had only at Ministerial salaries. "Couples" never or rarely couple merit. The housewife searches Europe, combs Austria, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Switzerland, reaches out to St. Helena, and tries them all. They come at last, fares paid, fees paid, and painfully enough they are coached in elementary duties at the oven or the dinner-table. And then . . . off they go, and all 's to do again. There is good news out of Spain, for the tired and disillusioned housewife. Spanish girls, straining at the leash, country preferred, "help with the rough" scorned. We most of us know a little German or French, but of Spanish, a much easier language to learn, we know nothing. But the agency sends in advance (and scouts any such difficulty) *what to say in Spanish*. We glance through it hopefully. Here it is, Grammatical Spanish ready to hand for all possible situations: "Blue suits me," "My mother has married again," "Shall we go to *The Tempest*," "She has a natural child," "We are in smooth water here," "Let us arrange our legs comfortably" and (ominously) "Please go away" and "I shall enjoy a trip to the capital."

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE HOLIDAY ROAD TO THE SOUTH-WEST

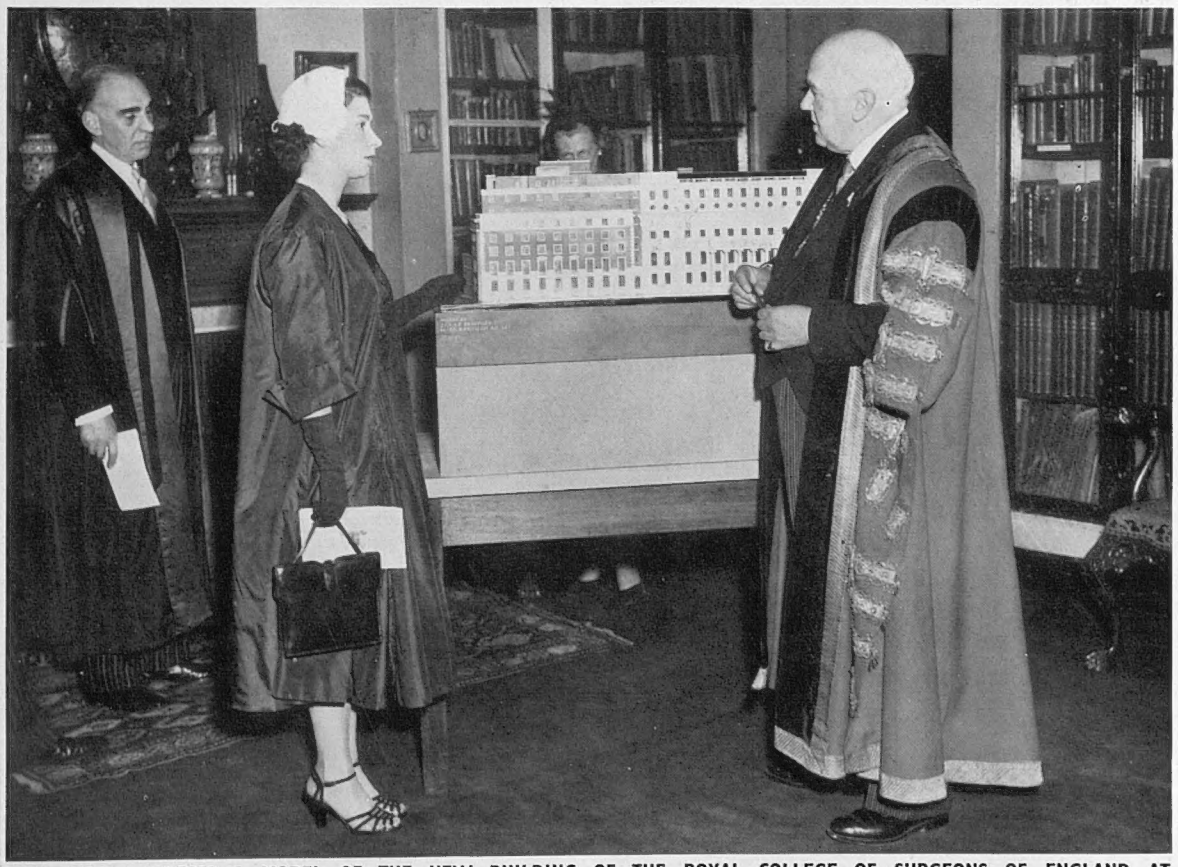
From London to Land's End Along A.30

By JOHN MAY

With a Decorative Route Map by Leslie S. Haywood

PRINCE PHILIP GETS HIS "WINGS": THE QUEEN LAYS A FOUNDATION-STONE

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FLIES OVER WINDSOR CASTLE: This picture, the first to be taken of the Duke of Edinburgh flying his Harvard advanced trainer, was made from another aircraft piloted by Flight Lieut. C. R. Gordon, the Duke's flying instructor. His Royal Highness has now qualified for his pilot's wings badge, and at a recent private ceremony at Buckingham Palace received his insignia from Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Air Staff. Altogether the Duke has had about ninety hours' flying-time and has completed every part of the training syllabus, including instrument flying and practice in the Link trainer.



THE QUEEN INSPECTS A MODEL OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND AT LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: The occasion was Her Majesty's visit to lay the foundation-stone of the new College building, much of the old premises having been destroyed by bombing in 1941. On the right of the picture is the President of the College, Sir Cecil Wakeley. The new design of the College buildings includes the enlargement of the institution to accommodate all the scientific and educational activities of the College.

THE CORONATION REHEARSAL

THE EARLY-MORNING PROCESSION THROUGH THE HEART OF LONDON

EARLY-MORNING ENTANGLEMENT IN THE MALL: Coachmen about to unharness two of the horses pulling a landau in the rehearsal of the Coronation procession early last Sunday morning. One of the horses stepped over a trace, and in the subsequent entanglement the coach swerved across the processional way and the horses were caught up round the base of a tree.

ADMIRALS ON HORSEBACK IN OXFORD CIRCUS: Vice-Admiral Anstice, Fifth Sea Lord; Vice-Admiral Edwards, Third Sea Lord; Vice-Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, Vice-Chief of Naval Staff, and Rear-Admiral Barnard, Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, passing through Oxford Circus when watching the timing and organisation of the Coronation procession.

THE STATE COACH RUMBLES THROUGH PICCADILLY CIRCUS: The great gilded vehicle seen as it neared the end of the journey through the heart of London. It was noticed that the new rubber tyring gave it a smoother performance. The coach arrived back at Buckingham Palace precisely as planned.

THE COACH OF STATE IS GREETED BY A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS ON ARRIVAL AT THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY ANNEXE, WHERE THE QUEEN WILL LEAVE THE COACH ON CORONATION DAY: After the conclusion of this part of the drive the coach was taken into Dean's Yard, where the Windsor Greys were rested for about an hour before the return journey. Members of the public followed the coach into Dean's Yard and many parents photographed their children standing beside the gilded and painted vehicle.

OUTWARD BOUND AND HOMEWARD BOUND: The State coach seen rounding the Victoria Memorial after leaving the courtyard of Buckingham Palace at 6.30 a.m. accompanied by mounted troops representing various dignitaries, senior officers of the Services and Commonwealth and Colonial escorts. It took exactly half-an-hour for the coach to reach Westminster Abbey. Quite a number of Londoners saw this early morning start and, as shown *below*, many more saw the return about four hours later. The crowd in the foreground are seen standing at the base of the Memorial as the Windsor Greys began to veer round towards the Palace. Five hundred troops took part in this early morning rehearsal.

A FOREIGN SURVEY

News from Portugal, India, Jordan, Indo-China and Australia

PORTUGAL CELEBRATES THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF DR. SALAZAR'S ENTRY INTO THE GOVERNMENT: *Left*—A view of the great crowd which gathered outside the St. Bento Palace, to acclaim the leader who has given Portugal competent government with the least possible fuss. *Right*—Dr. Salazar receiving the congratulations of the President of the Republic, General Francisco Higino Craveiro Lopes. The President, who is seen in military uniform, visited the Prime Minister on this occasion. It was in 1928 that Senor Salazar first took office at the Ministry of Finance, remarking on that occasion, "I know what I want and what to do." He made a beginning by requiring all departments to keep to their spending estimates. His main programme is a balanced Budget and an orderly administration.

THE SCENE OF THE COMET AIR CRASH 30 MILES NORTH-WEST OF CALCUTTA: The wreckage of the jet airliner which fell to earth six minutes after taking-off from Dum Dum Airfield, Calcutta. The aircraft, which carried thirty-seven passengers and a crew of six, was flying on the Singapore-London service. *On right*—THE TAIL SECTION OF THE COMET'S FUSELAGE: It was found 150 yards from the main wreckage.

The westbound Comet from Singapore which crashed in India on the first anniversary of commercial jet flights was found by search aircraft in the bed of a dry nullah in Jugalgarhi village, Hooghly District. It apparently caught fire in the air during a severe electrical storm, and debris was scattered over a radius of 200 yards, with the tail about 150 yards distant from the main fuselage. A fourteen-year-old boy, who was picking mangoes when the storm broke, saw a red flash in the sky and immediately afterwards saw what resembled a wingless aircraft flying low over the trees and emitting flashes and explosions before it nose-dived into the nullah in a mass of flames. The aircraft must have crashed almost immediately after reporting that it was climbing on its normal track when six minutes off the ground after taking off from Calcutta.

Since the inauguration of commercial jet flights a year ago, B.O.A.C. Comets have flown more than 100,000,000 revenue passenger miles and have carried 28,000 fare-paying passengers without a fatal accident.

A UNITED NATIONS REFUGEE CAMP AT AMMAN : Of the 1,200,000 population of Jordan, some 400,000 are displaced Palestinians, refugees from the Palestine War. A large number of these are housed at United Nations and private camps in the area of Amman, the capital city. The camp depicted here is one of the largest. Each refugee receives a 1,500-calorie ration, supplemented by a milk ration. The education of the children is aided by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE REACHES AUSTRALIA : Field Marshal Sir William Slim and Lady Slim (left, facing camera) on arrival at Canberra by air from Sydney. They were greeted by the Minister of Defence Production, Mr. Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison. Sir William and Lady Slim journeyed out to Australia in the liner *Strathnaver*, which was welcomed by whistle-blasts in the harbour and a 19-gun salute. Unfortunately, on arrival at Canberra Lady Slim had a recurrence of a former hæmorrhage of a duodenal ulcer, and it was necessary for her to receive a blood transfusion. She will have to rest from public duties for some weeks.

On right—

THE DEFENDER OF LUANG PRABANG : This is the Crown Prince of Laos, the French-protected kingdom in Northern Indo-China, who has been leading his troops in the fight against the invading Viet Minh forces. While the Communists drove southwards they by-passed the capital of Laos, Luang Prabang, and left a circle of troops round it to prevent the garrison breaking out. The Reds captured a third of the State in approximately a month, but last week it was made known that their invasion had been halted.

On right—

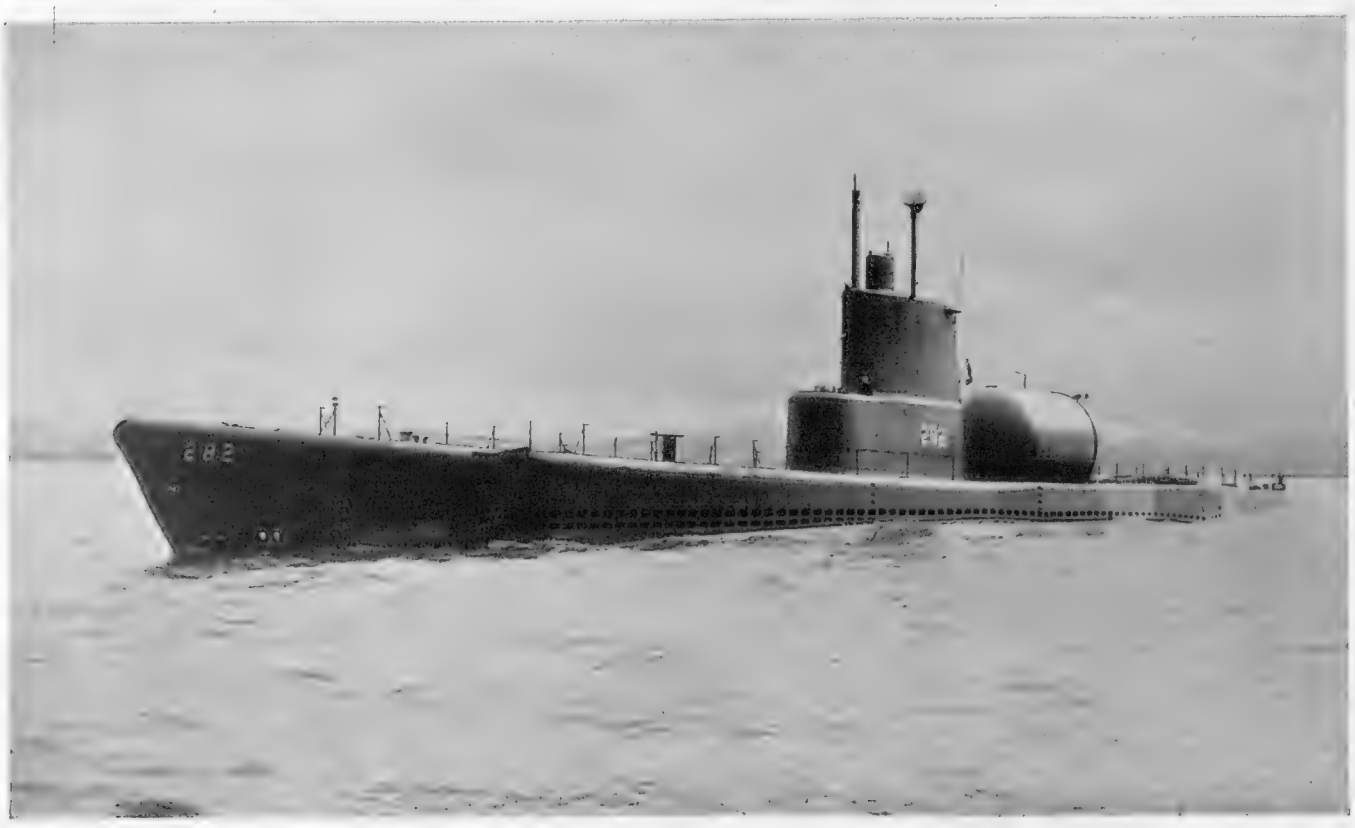
THE CAUDILLO IN MUFTI : General Francisco Franco, the Spanish Head of State, driving through the grounds of the annual cattle fair in Seville. Holding the reins is the Marquis de Contadero, Mayor of Seville, and seated next to him is Madame Franco, holding her eldest granddaughter, Carmencita. Seated opposite the Caudillo is Blas Perez, Minister of the Interior.

THE CANBERRA BOMBER, OWNED BY THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY, WHICH ON MAY 4 ESTABLISHED A NEW WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD: Piloted by Wing-Commander W. F. Gibb, D.S.O., D.F.C., Assistant Chief Test Pilot of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the Canberra took off from Filton Aerodrome and reached a height of 63,668 ft. (more than twelve miles), exceeding by 4,222 ft. the previous record set up by Group-Captain J. Cunningham in 1948. The record is subject to confirmation by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale. Describing his flight, Wing-Commander Gibb said he climbed to 9¼ miles off the Irish coast, levelled off to use up excess fuel, and then turned back on his course. The climb was then resumed and the record height was reached when the aircraft was over Taunton. The demonstration of the ability of the Olympus-engined Canberra to operate efficiently at great heights is probably more important than the record itself. When details of the engine were released in 1951 its power was quoted as 9,750 lb. static thrust at sea-level, equal to 15,600 h.p. It is capable of greater output now.

A CANBERRA BREAKS THE ALTITUDE RECORD

AFTER ITS RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT—THE CANBERRA AT LONDON AIRPORT: The aircraft was on show to the public at Heathrow for a short time. Owned by the Ministry of Supply, it was designed and built by the English Electric Co.

The U.S. Guided Missile Submarine "Tunny"



On left—

THE FIRST PICTURE TO BE RELEASED OF THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE "TUNNY" FITTED WITH THE "REGULUS" GUIDED MISSILE: The "Regulus" is presumably housed in the cylindrical tank seen just aft of the conning-tower. At the end of March it was officially announced that the American Navy had begun production of "Regulus" guided missiles, which are powered by jet-engines and carry what is described as a "powerful warhead," which is believed by some observers to be of an atomic nature. The "Regulus" resembles conventional jet-fighters in most respects. It is cigar-shaped and about 30-ft. long. Virtually nothing has been made known of its performance, but the Matador missile, which it resembles, has a range of 500 miles and a top speed of 1,000 miles an hour. Launching installations for guided missiles have been put on other ships, but the *Tunny* is probably the smallest vessel so equipped.

THE GLORY OF THE BOULEVARDS : The cafés are perhaps the most unchanging feature of Paris. Only their prices have changed, and what was in pre-war days the price of a bottle of wine is now the price of a glass of wine. Coffee, too, is an expensive item, and has been ever since the start of the Second World War. Early in the evening and at week-ends, however, the cafés are still thronged.

PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME

The Unchanging City, Defying Both Challenge and Comparison

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Almost one in eight of the French people lives in or around Paris, which is more densely populated than any other major European capital. It is also one of the luckiest of cities, for it survived wartime bombardment and has maintained its essential character through all the changes and chances of modern days. In the following article George Slocombe, a writer who knows and loves the city, gives his impression of modern Paris. He finds that neither Montparnasse nor Montmartre enjoys the character that belonged to them in their heyday, and notes, among other things, the alarming increase in the traffic's pace in the heart of the city. For the rest, it seems Paris is her inscrutable, unchanging self.

THERE are faithful Parisians, born or adoptive, who complain that their city is much changed since the war, but I am not one of them. It is still a beautiful city—the most beautiful in the world. London is more grandiose, especially when viewed, as it is rarely, from Tower Bridge. New York is more sensational. Vienna and Prague are more classic in their harmonies. But Paris, under the skies of her capricious weather, the blue of the Impressionists or the grey of Marquet, defies both challenge and comparison. It has a trick of absorbing and assimilating the most conflicting of architectural styles, the most revolutionary of the modern as well as the most pretentious of the archaic, pseudo-Renaissance and sham Gothic, the pure lines of Mallet-Stevens and Le Corbusier, Auguste Perret and André Remondet. The Louvre itself, whose dark mass dominates the Right Bank of the Seine, comprises the building tastes of five centuries, from Philippe le Bel to Napoleon the Third. Even the garish modern lighting, used to such brilliant effect in the illumination by night of the Arc de Triomphe, the Invalides, Notre Dame, the fountains and façades of the Place de la Concorde, and less successfully in the red and green commercial advertising of the boulevards and the Champs Elysées, fails to destroy the character of Paris.

Something in the original proportions of the city, in the translucence of the air, in the disposition of the trees and squares, the great areas of silence and calm, defies the onslaughts of the worst vulgarity. The history of the Eiffel Tower is itself typical of the Parisian quality of absorption. When it was built, it was regarded with horror by French and foreign artists —the English William Morris among them—as destroying irremediably the beauty of the city and its incomparable monuments. But to-day it has more defenders than adversaries. Moreover, it is often shrouded in mist, the pearly grey mist of winter or the silver haze of summer. At nightfall the tower becomes visible again as a slender and graceful beacon, sending a thin spear of white light in a great circle over the roof-tops of Paris, a friendly and even magical presence in the nocturnal sky.

A SPRING DAY IN PARIS : This police officer bought a bouquet for his wife as he stepped down from his duties at a busy traffic intersection in the city. London's "wonderful police" are inclined to be more reserved in these matters.

Almost miraculously Paris escaped serious bombardment during the war, and although it has not forgotten the enemy occupation, all physical traces of the ordeal have now vanished. Outwardly at least, the city has resumed its pre-war aspect of leisurely elegance, gaiety and good-humour. The street traffic is denser than at any time since 1939, and every year the steadily increasing output of the automobile industry adds to the problem. Prices are very high, and a trade depression is reputedly on hand, but the foreign visitor sees little sign of it. The cafés and restaurants of the capital are apparently prosperous. There are more cars and more new cars in the city and on the country roads, and not all the shining, chromium-plated automobiles are driven by Americans. The hotels are crowded, the fashionable *couturiers* and art dealers, the antique shops in the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Boulevard St. Germain, which specialise in period furniture, are all doing good business.

But the clients in the hotels and the smart restaurants and antique shops are largely foreign. Paris has become more of a cosmopolitan city even than during the hectic Peace Conference in 1919. It is the home of U.N.E.S.C.O., N.A.T.O. and the Mutual Security Agency, which is the new Marshall Plan organisation. In near-by Rocquencourt and Fontainebleau are the headquarter staffs of S.H.A.P.E. and the Western European land defences. Twice since the war the Assembly of the United Nations has brought a new invasion of diplomats to swell the already overcrowded clientèle of the luxury hotels and restaurants. All these complicated post-war organisations, civil and military, have created a permanent foreign colony of soldiers, airmen, diplomats and Civil Servants, quite distinct from the normal foreign colony which has lived in Paris for years.

But the foreigners, if the most conspicuous, are not the only elegant and opulent people on the Parisian scene. If the old aristocracy—such of it as survived the First World War—was largely ruined after the Second, together with a part of the old bourgeoisie, a new, wealthy middle class of industrialist and speculator

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PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME

TRAFFIC ON THE CHAMPS-ELYSÉES : Looking down the celebrated thoroughfare from the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior towards Place de la Concorde. It is the finest traffic artery in the city, but its very width is a handicap to pedestrians, who have to be quick on their feet to negotiate the long crossings. The pace of traffic is tremendous, tending to grow with the years.

WHERE VERLAINE ONCE LORDED IT OVER THE DECADENTS : Parisian students deeply engrossed in the Café Source, in the Boulevard St. Michel, in the Latin Quarter. This is one of the oldest of the student coffee-houses, and is linked essentially with the name of Verlaine, the lyric poet.

A TELEVISION ANTENNA NOW ADORNS THE SUMMIT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER : From the successive platforms the visitor looks out on a successively widening vista, seeing at a glance on the lowest platform that this is one of the world's most crowded cities.

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in rare commodities (a more polite name for the black marketeer) has appeared in France since the war. The same phenomenon was observed by Balzac after the restoration of the Monarchy. The members of the new bourgeoisie ride in chromium-plated cars of foreign make and registration, and rent or buy the luxury apartments in the tall new buildings now rising in many residential quarters of Paris. They are in the market for antique furniture, Renoirs and Picassos, and châteaux in the country. They are also the eager purchasers of television sets, porcelain bathrooms, and the glittering, white-enamelled kitchens modelled on American lines, but sold at many times American prices. (At the recent Arts Ménagers Exhibition a white kitchen unit, comprising electric oven, sink and cupboards, but without refrigerator, was priced at just over £1,000).

But the *nouveaux riches* are the minority in Paris. Life for the great majority is harder and more austere than before the war—however, the natural *chic* of the women may conceal the real truth of the situation. A three-room flat is now the standard, and for many the dreamed-of, accommodation for middle-class Parisians who before the war lived in apartments twice as spacious. Servants are not only paid high wages, but cost far more to maintain in France than in England, since the cost of food is so much higher. Many middle-class Parisiennes have dispensed with a *bonne* since the war, and have replaced her by a charwoman, if at all. The tenants who still have leases on large flats often supplement their diminished income by the rent received from foreigners to whom they sublet their surplus rooms; and in some cases this rent is the tenants' sole income.

Extravagant as Paris fashions sometimes appear to those who see them in magazine illustrations, they are actually simpler than before the war and less costly in gold values. The more exaggerated and eccentric, and therefore the more expensive, models are designed for the markets of North and South America. The Frenchwoman wears simpler clothes to-day, and if she provided the sole clientèle of the leading dressmakers of Paris for their original models, many of them would have to go out of business. The proof is that many of the biggest dress-houses some years ago opened *boutiques* at which a limited number of copies of their models are sold at greatly reduced prices. Another sign of the greater simplicity of the Parisienne is her adoption of the tailor-made coat-and-skirt and practical low-heeled shoes for morning and afternoon wear. Millinery, once a costly and indispensable part of Parisian elegance, has been sorely hit by the two world wars. Many well-dressed women can be seen hatless in the street in the daytime—a thing unthinkable before the first war, and not often seen before the second. It is perhaps one consequence of the popularity among women drivers of the open-roofed cabriolet. But if the milliners have lost by this caprice, the coiffeurs have gained. Hairdressers and beauty specialists almost rate with the *couturiers* among the aristocracy of the world of fashion.

Perhaps it is an illusion, but the impact of the French political world seems to me to be less evident on the Parisian scene to-day. Before 1939 the capital was definitely politically conscious. Premiers and ministers and foreign ambassadors were easily recognised as they drove in the streets, or entered a theatre. Certain restaurants, like Maxim's, in the rue Royale, were regularly frequented by Ministers and diplomats. Famous cafés, like that of Weber, in the same street, or the Napolitain, on the Boulevard des Italiens, or the Café Régence, opposite the Comédie Française, were the resorts of politicians and political journalists. The truth is that in spite of the efforts of political caricaturists, like the admirable Sennep of the *Figaro*, the politicians of to-day are less known than those of a former generation. And of the few easily recognisable survivors of the old Parisian scene, and the literary and political Bohemia of the inter-war years, many, like Edouard Herriot, are crippled by age and rheumatism.

The social centre of gravity in Paris is still moving westwards. The old Boulevards east of the Opera, which were until 1914 the principal scene of theatrical, literary and even political activity, are no less crowded, but the great restaurants have vanished, and many of the theatres have been demolished or transformed. The boulevard spectacles which at the turn of the century provided the painter Willette with the theme of his excellent murals are less picturesque, if still absorbing to the eye avid for novelty and character. The Avenue des Champs Elysées is now the centre of Parisian life, by night as by day. It is still a majestic, urban perspective, as one stands in the Place de la Concorde and looks westwards towards the Arc de Triomphe, but the upper half of the Avenue, in spite of its width, is hardly large enough to contain the mounting and descending streams of traffic, the triple columns of parked cars, the thousands of *flâneurs*, the great cafés with their terraces, the dozens of cinemas, the restaurants and automobile showrooms, the cabarets, hat-shops and art galleries. It is a broader, more beautiful, more brilliant Broadway.

The chief change in Paris, to the foreigner who revisits the city after an absence of ten years, is the

N OPEN-AIR MARKET FOR CAGE-BIRDS: Parisians crowding round the cages on a springtime day in one of the squares. These songsters enjoy great popularity in the poorer districts of Paris.

THE BOOKSTALLS AND THE PRINT-SHOPS OF THE SEINE EMBANKMENT: London has nothing to compare with this brave show of learning which is so essentially a part of the Parisian scene, and even London's Farringdon Road, with its bookstall barrows, is but a shadow of its pre-war self. If anything, the Parisian bookstalls offer greater variety than ever.

OOKING DOWN THE RUE DU CALVAIRE FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MONTMARTRE: This eastern part of Paris, rising to Montmartre and Menilmontant, is older and poorer than the west. Montmartre is still a centre for artists, but it is full of tourist cafés, where the prices are high.

ANGLERS IN THE PLACID WATERS OF THE SEINE: The anglers of Paris have the same inexhaustible patience as their London brethren, and such is their enthusiasm there is even one club that does all its fishing on (not from) the quaysides, the main objective being to achieve the perfect cast. Both the Seine and the Marne provide fishing-grounds.

lisappearance, socially speaking, of Montmartre and Montparnasse. Both quarters played their notable part n the artistic history of the capital. Cubism was begun n the hilltop of Montmartre, between 1906 and 1912, y Picasso and the gay band of painters around him. And what is now called the School of Paris, with the ragic Modigliani as its martyr, had its beginnings in Montparnasse. Moreover, both quarters, at the height f their artistic fame, attracted Parisians and tourists o their night cabarets, little theatres and chansonniers. They were renowned in two continents. To-day Montmartre is superficially unchanged. The Place du Tertre, in whose cafés Utrillo painted his first crude pictures, is still recognisable, even if it is a little too clean, too brightly painted, too suspiciously prosperous, and too full of picturesque painters busy finishing little sketches of the too familiar scene. But the restaurants have all raised their prices, and their owners have retired after making their fortune, since the brave days of Picasso and his half-starved companions. Lower down the hillside, around the Place Clichy and the Place Blanche and the Place Piggalle, the cabarets with the familiar names—Moulin Rouge and Rat Mort and Le Paradis and l'Enfer—still offer their specious attractions, but Toulouse Lautrec has been dead a long while, and so has the dancer La Goulue, and the canvas he painted for her booth in the fair on the boulevards now hangs in the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries.

Montparnasse, which had its heyday in the late '20's and '30's, has a permanent population of young painters of all nationalities, and the Café du Dome is their headquarters. But the gallant and recently departed Kiki, most famous of Montparnasse models, who posed for Kisling, Foujita and Man Ray, and later became a cabaret singer, lived long enough to see her quarter replaced as a centre of nocturnal attraction by St. Germain des Près. The movement away from Montparnasse had begun just before the Second World War, and the Café des Deux Magots and the Café de Flore were already attracting the literary expatriates of Europe and America, who had formerly been faithful to the Dome, the Select and the Rotonde, on the Boulevard de Montparnasse. Since the liberation of Paris, and the furore excited by Jean Paul Sartre and his philosophy of Existentialism, the long-haired young men and short-haired young women who idolise Sartre have made the Café de Flore an Existentialist temple. At the same time, in the same quarter, under the shadow of the abbey church from which Henry of Navarre looked down on besieged Paris, the serious devotees of the be-bop crowd nightly into smoke-filled and noisy cellar-cabarets.

Recently the founder of Existentialism has astonished his supporters, if not his critics, by the sudden abandonment of his hostility to Communism for a creed very closely resembling it. For several years Sartre was the most savage of the intellectual adversaries of the Kremlin. His apparent conversion to the Russian version of Marxism implies the renunciation of his own Existentialist philosophy, but many of his followers have not yet realised this. Meanwhile, Sartre's plays continue, with those of Jean Anouilh, to provide theatregoers with the only original thinking heard on the French stage since before the war. The Paris theatre has for some years suffered from a severe depression. There is no dearth of talented actors and actresses, despite the loss of Louis Jouvet and Marguerite Morèno. It is in ideas that the stage is deficient. The brilliant Jean Louis Barrault–Madeleine Renaud Company, which has been seen in Britain and the United States this year, has for some time been reduced to playing comedies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The American Tennessee Williams, the Franco-American Julian Green, and the English Graham Greene this spring share with Sartre and Anouilh the honours of the bill-boards, as English and Italian films, with the small but usually competent and occasionally brilliant creations of the French producers, share the honours of the screen.

If it were possible, the French public would seem to be more art-minded to-day than at any time in its history. The Louvre has been completely reorganised since the war. A series of brilliant exhibitions of French and European painting, organised in the Petit Palais, the Musée de l'Art Moderne, or the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens, have educated a new generation in the standards and achievements of classic and modern art.

It is from this terrace of the Tuileries, on to which tourists emerge after lingering among the paintings in the Orangerie or the Jeu de Paume, that one of the finest views of the capital is to be admired. The whole brilliant persective of the Champs Elysées, with the Arc de Triomphe rising at its end, the classic proportions of the Palace of the National Assembly across the Pont de la Concorde, the Eiffel Tower and the domes of the Invalides, the magnificent Place de la Concorde at the observer's feet, compose a brilliant picture that has not changed appreciably since the beginning of this century, save that the pace of the traffic has increased, and that horses have been replaced by machines. Fashions and manners move in mysterious circles, and return to the point from which they started, but Paris remains, inscrutably, itself.

THE QUAIL IN AND OUT OF SEASON

There are Strong Possibilities that 1953 May, Like 1947, Be Another "Quail Year"; Some Thoughts on the Little Bird that Poses Some Pretty Problems

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IT may well be remarked by the critical that this is not the proper time of year to write about the quail. I must disagree. I am well aware, of course, that it is in August or September, even occasionally a little later, that you are most likely to see a quail (if it can be said that you are ever "likely" to see a quail); that it is when you are partridge-shooting that you may perhaps shoot a quail. And it is, of course, because of that, that such mention of quail as there may be in a year in the English Press comes always in the autumn. That, I think, is too late. The quail is a migratory bird, and it is then that it is leaving, or preparing to leave, this country. There seems to me to be little point in describing the bird and its call, and the sort of country it prefers for its nesting, just at the time when there is practically no chance of seeing one for a few months. Few people can remember a call once heard, the description of a bird not seen, for that length of time. And that is a great pity. For the quail is a most interesting little bird and poses some pretty problems. It is worth listening for and searching for during the summer, before the shooting season. In any case, though a game bird and a tasty morsel, it is not a bird to be shot.

Let me say at once that I am not an authority on the quail. I have, in fact, only twice seen a live quail in England. The first time was on August 26, 1929, near King's Somborne, in Hampshire; the second was on July 28 last year near Overton, also in Hampshire. In addition, I have heard the call (popularly—and accurately—rendered as *wet-my-lips*, with the stress on the first and last words) a number of times. Once heard, it is quite unmistakable and can never be confused with the call of any other bird. I do not remember ever hearing it as a boy. I do not think that I ever heard it until 1929. I certainly did not hear it between 1929 and 1947, but in that year I heard it quite frequently over a period of about a fortnight in June and July. But I did not catch so much as a glimpse of the birds. I did not hear it again until 1951, when I heard it once on June 3, but did not see the bird. And then, last year, after hearing it frequently, I saw just the one bird walking sedately across the Harrowway within perhaps 6 ft. of where I was lying.

That record can only be described as a very limited acquaintance. But in this I am not alone. Very few living Englishmen can claim any closer acquaintance with quail in England. Indeed, it is probably not far from the truth to say that the vast majority of gamekeepers and farmers know the quail only as a name, the name of a bird in the Bible.

In Exodus xvi, 13, you will read: "And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up and covered the camp." And again in Numbers xi, 31 and 32: "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails: he that gathered least gathered ten homers: and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp."

It is not only in Palestine and the dim past that quails in vast numbers have been recorded. Tickell (quoted by Ogilvie-Grant in his monograph which was published in 1896), writing of the quail in India, says: "In such localities as have been above noticed, Quails at times abound in such a degree that shooting them is mere slaughter. Where birds get up at every step, dogs or beaters are worse than useless, and where the game is so plentiful, search after a wounded bird is seldom thought worth the trouble. It is usual to be provided with two or three guns [he is, of course, speaking of the days before the breech-loader] to be loaded, as fast as emptied, by a servant. With one gun only it would be necessary to wash out the barrels two or three times in the course of an afternoon, or, at all events, to wait every now and then for them to cool. A tolerably good shot will bag fifty to sixty brace in about three hours, and knock down many others that are not found. I remember one day getting into a deyra, or island formed by alluvial deposit, in the Ganges, between Patna (Bankipore) and Sonepore, which was sown almost entirely over with gram (*chunna*), and which literally swarmed with quail. I do not exaggerate when I say that they were like locusts in number. Every step that brushed the covert sent off a number of them, so that I had to stand every now and then like a statue and employ my arms only, and that in a stealthy manner, for the purpose of loading and firing. A furtive scratch of the head dismissed a whole 'bevy' into the next field; and, in fact, the *embarras de richesse* was nearly as bad as if there had been no birds at all."

Major Tickell's quails were, of course, wintering birds. According to the *Handbook of British Birds*, which is the supreme authority, the typical quail, which is our quail, does not breed further east than the north-west borders of India. But the winter range extends south to tropical Africa and throughout India to the eastern limits of Bengal. The breeding range is vast indeed, extending from the White Sea and the Faroes in the north to Egypt in the south, and from Morocco in the west to Afghanistan and Lake Baikal in the east. A line drawn around those limits will include within it the whole of the breeding range of the migratory quail.

It will be seen that the British Isles lie on the extreme north-western edge of the breeding range. It is to be expected, therefore, that the numbers in the British Isles will be smaller than further south. But has it always been so?

There is the case of Ireland. Until about 100 years ago the quail was to all intents and purposes resident in that island, which is the absolute western edge of the breeding edge and fairly far north at that. Moreover,

John Markham

THE COMMON QUAIL, NOW A RARE VISITOR TO THESE SHORES, IS MORE OFTEN HEARD THAN SEEN: There is a possibility that the bird may be more frequent in its appearances this year, but several weeks have yet to pass before the familiar call is heard. The general colour is brown, varied with buff, and buff under-parts.

it was extremely plentiful: perhaps even the most common of the game birds. It might be thought, therefore, that it was also at that time much more common in England than it is now. And that is the popular view. The *Handbook* states categorically that it was "formerly much more plentiful," and one cannot get away from the fact that in some of the old bird books it is called the "common quail." No doubt it was once more plentiful than it is now but was it ever plentiful enough to be called common?

The popular view is that the present scarcity is due to the excessive netting that used to take place along the shores of the Mediterranean. This netting must, of course, have had a considerable effect on the numbers moving north to breed. But before netting was established on a large commercial scale did many of the northward-bound birds reach our shores? Did the netting prevent large numbers from coming to England to breed? "Formerly much more plentiful" suggests that it did.

I do not believe that the quail has been in England in numbers sufficient to justify the use of the word "plentiful" at any time during the past 150 years. I base my belief on Colonel Peter Hawker.

Hawker, who must, I think, have been a singularly unpleasant person where his sport was concerned, was an ardent and indefatigable shooting man. He kept a record of every single day's shooting—almost all of it in Hampshire—for fifty-one years, from his sixteenth year until he died in 1853. If you read his diaries you will be forced to the conclusion that he did not err on the side of modesty in shooting matters. Everything he shot in those fifty-one years was duly recorded, and we can be certain that he did not forget to put down anything that he had shot. In all those fifty-one years of constant shooting he killed fifty-eight quails. Only fifty-eight quails in fifty-one years, and that in good quail country. In twenty-eight seasons he did not shoot any quails at all, and seven of those seasons were consecutive. Furthermore, in all the years from 1833 to 1846 he shot only one quail, and that was in 1839. And the largest bag he secured in any one season (I mean the largest number that he shot in any one year) was eight, and that was in 1847. There can be no doubt that Colonel Peter Hawker did not regard the quail as plentiful. On the contrary, he regarded it throughout the period of his shooting life as a very rare bird. And I do not think that there can be any doubt at all that never at any time since men started to shoot for sport has the quail been anything but a scarce bird in England.

I find support for this belief in the fact that Sir Hugh Gladstone does not give any figures for quails shot in Britain in his *Record Bags and Shooting Records*. This can only mean that there has never been a bag worth recording in a game book—and anybody with any experience of game books will know what that means!

It would seem that the netting along the shores of the Mediterranean did not affect to any marked degree the number of quails visiting this country. I do not deny that enormous numbers of quails were taken in the nets—a hundred years ago some 150,000 were taken annually on the Isle of Capri alone and about the same number near Naples, while only thirty years ago Colonel Meinhertzhagen estimated that about 3,000,000 net-caught quails were exported from Egypt annually, but it would be idle to pretend that the scarcity of quails in England was due to the activities of the netsmen. Moreover, netting has been severely restricted all along the shores of the Mediterranean for upwards of twenty years now, and there has been no marked increase in the numbers of quails visiting this country.

But, looking over such records as are available, it does seem to me that there are cycles of perhaps two or three years at a time when rather more quails than usual visit England. And it seems to me that we may perhaps be in such a cycle now.

I think that quite a few people would call 1947 a "quail year." I remember writing in 1945 that I had never heard of anyone in Great Britain putting up a bevy of quail. That was in the columns of a famous sporting paper, and nobody wrote to say that he had or that he knew of anyone who had. In 1947 I received two records of such an occurrence—a bevy of eight in Anglesey and a bevy of nine in Hampshire—just 100 years after Colonel Hawker's record year. There were more records of quails heard, quails seen and quails shot in 1947 than for many years past. There were also more records for Ireland in 1947 than there had been for many years.

There was a gap after 1947. The three succeeding years ran true to form—the odd quail here and there. But there were a few more records in 1951 and more still last year. And here an interesting point emerges. There were one or two records of quails seen in January 1947; that is, prior to the "quail year" proper. These were Irish records. Wintering in Ireland has been recorded on many occasions in the past, but I do not think that there had been a winter record for many years. There were one or two records for the following winter as well, and they included one January record for Hampshire. Wintering in England is very exceptional. But last winter, after what may justly be called a moderate quail year, there were again one or two records of wintering, in Ireland.

It is this that makes me hope that perhaps 1953 may be another "quail year," equal maybe to 1947. And it is because of this that I write of the quail out of season, as it were.

For it may be taken for granted that in any year in which quail are reported there are more birds, even many more birds, than are actually recorded. Many of these birds are missed because the bird is not recognised when it is seen and because the call is not known. The quail looks like a very small, sandy-coloured partridge. But it is, of course, much more often heard than seen. *Wet-my-lips* is a very accurate interpretation of the call, and it is usually repeated several times in quick succession, and you are more likely to hear it in open farming country than anywhere else. Like the partridge, it is a bird of cultivated land.

I suppose that the question "Would the quail establish itself as a regular migrant nesting in fair numbers if given the chance?" is bound to be asked. After all, it was once that in Ireland; why not here? Well, it has had plenty of opportunity in the past. For all that, I should personally like to see the shooting of quail prohibited for a considerable period. It is more likely than not that a bird hatched here will try to return here the following year. The prohibition would inflict no hardship, and it might have some effect on numbers.

THE PARTLY-DAMAGED "HAITI VICTORY" TAKING THE BADLY-DAMAGED BRITISH RAILWAYS PASSENGER SHIP "DUKE OF YORK" IN TOW AFTER THE TWO VESSELS HAD COME INTO COLLISION AND THE BOW SECTION OF THE "DUKE OF YORK" HAD BEEN SHORN AWAY: The collision occurred at 4.17 a.m., about 40 miles east of Harwich, and on the following afternoon 351 passengers and forty-five members of the crew of the *Duke of York* were landed safely at Parkeston Quay. On the same afternoon about seventy-eight passengers and twelve members of the crew of the *Duke of York* were landed at Dover, having been picked up by the American freighter *American*. The collision occurred while most of the passengers were asleep in their cabins or in the saloons. There were five fatal casualties.

THE NORTH SEA DISASTER

The British Railways Passenger Ship "Duke of York" in Collision with the American Freighter "Haiti Victory"; the Bow Portion of the "Duke of York" Sinks

The railway passenger ship *Duke of York* was bound from the Hook of Holland to Harwich, with 509 people on board, when she was suddenly cleft in two by the *Haiti Victory*. It was a calm night, with only a little fog shrouding the waters. Most of the passengers were sleeping, some in the cabins and some in the lounges. In the sunken bow portion of the *Duke of York* were about twenty cabins and crew quarters. Some people, unable to get on deck, saved themselves by jumping into the sea through port-holes. The signal to abandon ship was given about fifteen minutes after the crash. By 7.30 all the passengers except a few who were trapped in the cabins had been taken off, either by the *Haiti Victory*, which came alongside the *Duke of York*, or the steamer *American*.

When the largest party of survivors landed at Harwich, many were wrapped in blankets over their night-clothes or were wearing an odd assortment of borrowed clothing. Some of the women were barefoot.

Survivors gave accounts of quiet courage and coolness in the rescues. An Army Officer said: "The conduct of everyone aboard the *Duke of York* was beyond reproach. The crew were good and the women simply magnificent. Women in bare feet and with babies in arms climbed rope ladders in their night-clothes to get to the other ship. I saw one woman and her child, who had been trapped in their cabin, freed by the crew, who had no thought for themselves."

THE HAVOC OF THE NORTH SEA CRASH: *Left*—The half-wrecked British Railways passenger ferry *Duke of York*, her bows entirely shorn away by the impact of the bows of the *Haiti Victory*, which are seen in the picture on the *right*. The *Haiti Victory* struck the *Duke of York* broadside-on just forward of the bridge, almost cleaving her in two. Later, as the American ship went astern, the bow section of the *Duke of York* parted from the main structure and sank quickly.

The SCOTTISH SCENE

AS WINTER MINGLES WITH THE DAYS OF SPRING

On left—

AFFORDING ONE OF THE FINEST VIEWPOINTS IN WESTERN SCOTLAND : The celebrated Storr Rock and the pinnacle, known as the Old Man of Storr, on the island of Skye. The Storr lies about six miles from Portree, and no doubt will be the objective of many climbers during Skye Week when the island will once again be at home to the world as it has been in previous years. Skye Week begins on Saturday May 23.

On right—

THE WILD GRANDEUR OF LOCH SCAVAIG, SKYE : At the landing-stage is a motor-boat which conveys visitors to Skye from the mainland at Mallaig. The loch penetrates deep into the Coolins, where bare rock skirts of the hills descend abruptly to the sea and hide the lofty summits that lie behind.

THEY CALL IT "THE LAMBING STORM" : This late fall of snow, which was particularly severe this year, is always to be expected in Scotland. The picture was taken in Glen Shee, Angus. The snow can be seen streaming from the ridges in the fury of a fierce wind tearing across the Devil's Elbow from Braemar. Even while it was in progress the orchards of Clydesdale were bursting into bloom. The storms which come at lambing-time usually last only a day or two, but even so they cause the shepherds great concern at this critical time. The winter of 1953 in Scotland will be remembered as a winter of extremes, but, strangely, a winter also of sunshine records.

IT IS WINTRY IN THE HILLS, BUT SPRING IS THERE IN ALL ITS GLORY IN THE ORCHARD COUNTRY OF CLYDESDALE : This is the richest fruit-growing area in Scotland, and the river flows between banks that are a mass of blossom. This picture was taken near Hazelbank, Lanarkshire.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S PREMISES IN EDINBURGH : The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir James Miller (right), addressing the gathering at 22, Melville Street. Lord Teynham, chairman of the A.A., stands beside him, and also in the picture are Mr. Hugh Fraser (left centre) and Mr. Gibson, hon. treasurer and secretary respectively. The A.A. is now extending and strengthening its services in Scotland. The Earl of Home, Minister of State for the Scottish Office, who attended an official luncheon after the opening of the new premises, told his audience that last year the Government spent £850,000 on important roads in the Highlands and on local roads and bridges another £150,000, making £1,000,000 in the crofting counties. To operate on these new roads Lord Teynham pointed out that the A.A. is increasing the patrol forces and establishing new A.A. telephone-boxes in the remote areas. The A.A., he indicated, is also hoping to move to larger premises in Glasgow and to set up there a special twenty-four-hour emergency breakdown service.

LORD TEYNHAM ANNOUNCES A.A. DEVELOPMENTS IN SCOTLAND : The chairman of the A.A. speaking at the luncheon at the North British Hotel in Edinburgh before the opening of the new A.A. premises.

CYCLING BENEATH AN ARCHWAY OF FALLEN TREES: A young Aberdonian seen in the devastated forest-land round Seaton House. The damage done by the January storms in Scotland, when the eastern coasts of Britain were being ravaged by the floods, was enormous, and received little publicity at the time owing to the greater disaster inflicted by the sea. Seton Gordon, writing in *The Scotsman*, has declared: "I have known the forests of Ballochbuil and Mar for fifty years, yet never have I seen anything approaching the havoc wrought by the storms of the past winter."

HARBOUR BRIDGE WORK AT ABERDEEN—WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE VICTORIA DOCK, SHOWING THE INSTALLATION OF APPARATUS FOR THE RAISING AND LOWERING OF THE NEW BRIDGE: The various parts of the bridge are being brought to Aberdeen by sea. Many of the parts are made of aluminium to reduce the weight of the movable sections. Good progress is also being made with the construction of the jetty at the entrance to the dock. Aberdeen, the third largest city in Scotland and North Scotland's great port, stands between the mouths of the Dee and Don. The docks cover an area of nearly 97 acres, and their modernisation is steadily proceeding.

GITHUNGURI AND NAIROBI

Some of the Kikuyu Tribesmen Facing Charges at Githunguri, Kenya, Concerned with the Lari Massacre; the Enthronement in Nairobi of the Bishop of Mombasa

SOME OF THE SECOND GROUP OF KIKUYU TRIBESMEN WHO ARE FACING CHARGES ARISING OUT OF THE LARI MASSACRE, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON MARCH 26: They are seen outside the court at Githunguri, Kenya, where their trial was to take place. All the prisoners are given numbered placards for identification purposes. The trial was stopped when the Judge, Mr. Justice de Lestang, ruled that the court had no jurisdiction.

MR. JUSTICE DE LESTANG, THE JUDGE AT THE KIKUYU TRIAL AT GITHUNGURI: Before the trial of Kikuyu on charges concerning the Lari massacre had begun on April 28, Mr. Justice de Lestang ruled that the court had no jurisdiction. His grounds were that the Registrar of the Supreme Court had decided the date and place of the trial without written notice from the competent authority, in this case the Deputy Public Prosecutor, Mr. A. G. Somerhough. The trial of the first group of Kikuyu alleged to have taken part in the Lari massacre, when over seventy loyal Kikuyu, including women and children, were brutally murdered, began a few weeks earlier.

FOUR OF THE ACCUSED KIKUYU TRIBESMEN BEING TAKEN TO COURT: Barefooted and clad in the most varied rags, they make a striking contrast with the African police standing on guard.

BEWIGGED DEFENCE COUNSEL STANDING IN THE SUNSHINE IN THE COURT-YARD AT GITHUNGURI: The accused tribesmen have seven defence counsel, six of them Indian lawyers. The seventh, Miss K. P. Hurst, is seen on the left of the group, chatting to an officer.

MANACLED AND NUMBERED, THE KIKUYU STAND SOLEMNLY IN COURT: A few days after this picture was taken, police raided a Mau Mau hiding-place and arrested alleged Mau Mau terrorists whom they suspected of planning to attack the police compound where the Lari massacre trials were taking place.

THE NEW BISHOP OF MOMBASA, WHO HAS MANY LINKS WITH KENYA AND ESPECIALLY WITH THE KIKUYU: The Very Rev. Hugh Hopkins, Provost of Nairobi Cathedral, enthrones the Right Rev. Leonard J. Beecher as Bishop of Mombasa in succession to Bishop Crabbe, during the ceremony in the Cathedral. Bishop Beecher, who has been Assistant Bishop of Mombasa since 1950 and Archdeacon and Canon of the Diocese since 1945, went out to Kenya in 1927 and joined the Church Missionary Society as a missionary in 1930. From 1927-30 he was assistant master, Alliance High School, Kikuyu, and an unofficial member of the Legislative Council, representing African interests, between 1943-47; later he became a member of the Executive Council. In 1950 he was chairman of the Government's Commission on African Education.

THE "QUEEN ASTRID" SETS OUT AT THE START OF ANOTHER DAY: One of the flagships of the Congo River service seen at a port of call on the great river. In all, the Belgian Congo has 9,000 miles of navigable waterways, and the timber-burning *Queen Astrid* is one of the specially-adapted vessels which journey up the river into the very heart of Africa. The *Queen Astrid* makes two trips up-river each month. *Inset on left*—**A DECK-HAND GOES ASHORE TO ARRANGE TIMBER SUPPLIES:** At one of the halting-places he jumps overboard into the Congo waters. A line is placed round his shoulders and this he will attach to stacked sections of timber, waiting ready to be hauled into the engine-room of the *Queen Astrid* for use as fuel.

BY "SHOWBOAT" INTO THE HEART OF THE CONGO

Travelling Up the Great River in the "Queen Astrid," From the City of Leopoldville to the Towns and Villages of the Belgian Colonial Hinterland

Explorers first, then traders, administrators and soldiers still later, have followed the course of the great River Congo and its tributaries into the heart of the African continent. To-day it is possible to fly, where once the river was the only route, but even so the river is still the great highway of Belgian colonial territory in Africa, and it will doubtless remain thus for many years to come. Full advantage has been taken by the developers of the Congo of the great network of navigable rivers and lakes in the Territory, which provide over 9,000 miles of waterways, on which there is a service of over 1,600 vessels totalling over 300,000 tons. Steamers are for the most part of the sternwheel type, reminiscent of the great showboats which plied on the Mississippi during the nineteenth century, and they are timber-fuelled, for that is the most economical method in the African jungle.

In this special three-page feature of THE SPHERE the reader can follow in pictures the journey of one of these Congo steamers, the flagship *Queen Astrid*. The starting-point is Leopoldville, not the port of Matadi, for although the river is navigable from its mouth up to Matadi, the rapids between Matadi and Leopoldville, a distance of 250 miles, preclude all traffic. From Leopoldville the Congo is navigable for a further 1,000 miles up to Stanleyville, and many of its mighty tributaries are also navigable over considerable stretches. A boat runs every fourteen days up the Congo from Leopoldville to Stanleyville, halting during the hours of darkness at the riverside towns and villages, and ploughing steadily upstream from day to day against the swift Congo current. It is a truly wonderful journey, and on this and the following pages a pictorial record is given of a trip up-river made by the flagship the *Queen Astrid*. This fine but somewhat strange-looking vessel, a craft very much in the tradition of the American showboats, operates in conjunction with the *Keigoma*, leaving Leopoldville for the interior of the Congo about once every fortnight.

The *Queen Astrid* and the *Keigoma* both carry mail, and on the days of departure the Consulates and other offices of Leopoldville are extremely busy preparing the post. There is always an air of bustle and excitement about the port as the steamer gets ready for departure, and the hotels are often the scene of farewell parties as engineers, business-men and Government officials set out for the hinterland.

At dawn the steamer leaves Stanley Pool as the sun casts its first rays on the palm trees around the Palace Hotel near the river. The noise of the *Queen Astrid's* engines even drowns the roar of the Livingstone Falls, where the Congo pours over a rocky gorge only 300 yards in width.

The passengers on the upper decks seat themselves comfortably in armchairs and watch the landscape roll by, conscious of the fact that the ten-day journey that lies ahead could be accomplished in four hours if they chose to take the air service from Leopoldville to Stanleyville. The landscape, on the whole, presents a monotonous picture by day, for the green curtain of the jungle can be as uninteresting as the sands of the desert after hours of gazing upon the same kind of scene. But always the fascination of tropical Africa is there, and when night descends, seemingly in a matter of a few minutes, the mysteriousness of the Congo asserts itself. It is a country with a truly marvellous fascination.

The various ports of call, of course, lend colour to the days. One of the first of them is Bolobo, and this great centre of the ivory trade has a special attraction for the curio-hunter, and some real bargains in ivory carving by local artisans can be picked up by the discriminating.

Another fascination of the trip is to watch the mail being transferred from the *Queen Astrid* to the launches of the local postmasters, which put out to meet the mail boat and take on the mailbags without the necessity for a halt.

Sometimes the *Queen Astrid* will pass a stately white-painted launch. On board will be a District Commissioner doing his rounds. He will probably be sitting in a deck-chair, with a pipe in his mouth, taking things easily in the heat of the day.

Yes; there is an endless fascination about this trip, and not least is the fascination of meeting fellow-travellers, men and women from many walks of life, and not one without a tale to tell, should they care to tell it. People of many European lands have made the Congo their home. One thing that does emerge from this remarkable trip is the influence that this mighty river and its tributaries have had upon Central African development. But for the Congo's navigability the world would have been denied in the nineteenth century the vital products of the African interior, and it would have been left to the air age to bring out the gold and the diamonds, the palm-oil and the nuts, the coffee and timber that have yielded so much to the modern world.

BY "SHOWBOAT" INTO THE HEART OF THE CONGO

CRUISING UP THE CONGO IN THE "QUEEN ASTRID," PASSING THE PEACEFUL VILLAGES THAT NESTLE IN JUNGLE CLEARINGS CLOSE TO THE SHORE: Following the f... and flurry of departure the passengers journeying into the heart of Africa settle down into a quiet, everyday routine on the river vessel. After the first two d... of slightly more open terrain, the jungle begins to close in, coming right down to the shore like a green curtain, except in those places where the land has been ...ared. From time to time the *Queen Astrid* halts, but at many villages four blasts on the whistle warn the postmaster to come alongside in his launch, and the *Queen Astri*... keeps going.

LIFE ON THE LOWER DECKS ABOARD THE "QUEEN ASTRID": Coloured passengers journeying in the flagship. Some of the women while away the hours with washing and other domestic chores. *On right*—THE "QUEEN ASTRID" HALTS FOR THE NIGHT: The ship a blaze of light as she lies moored at the port of Bolobo, first important place of call north-east of Leopoldville. In the foreground timber is stacked. This fuel will be loaded before the *Queen Astrid* continues her journey in the morning.

SALESMANSHIP AT A RIVER PORT OF CALL: Natives offering for sale their favourite food, maniocra, which is wrapped in green leaves. The native passengers have no dining quarters aboard the *Queen Astrid*, and have to buy their food at each port. The white passengers dine in state in one of the airy saloons on deck.

FUN AND GAMES ON THE BOAT-DECK: The sons of European passengers playing Blind Man's Buff to while away the long journey up-river. They soon weary of the sights and scenes along the shore, and settle down to devising their own games. In the heat of the afternoons they have to rest.

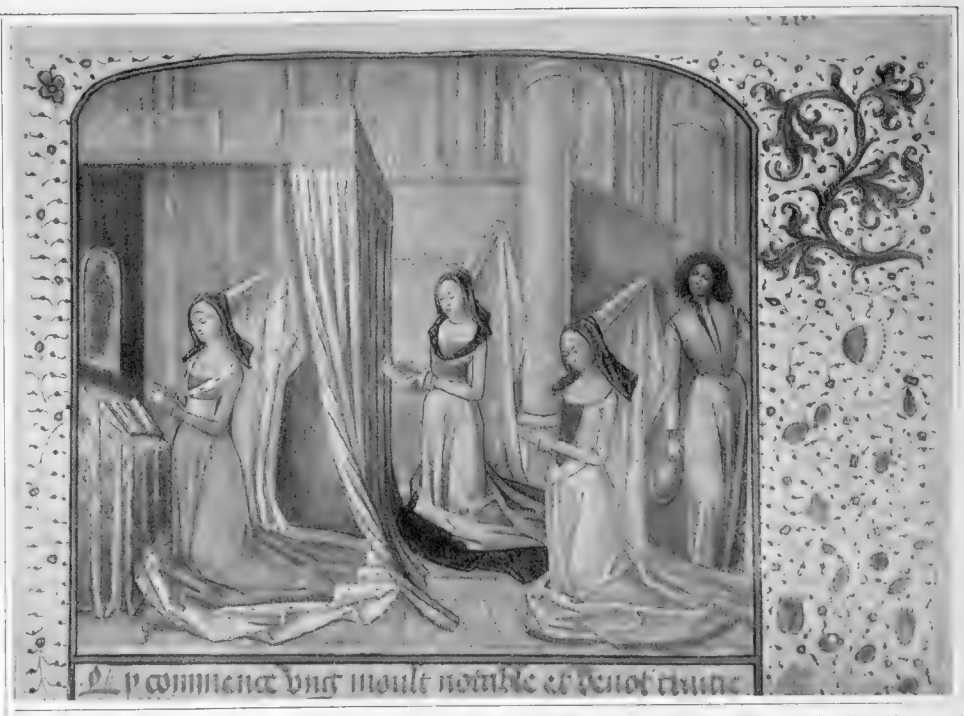
SOUVENIR-HUNTING AT BOLOBO: A passenger examines one of the articles in the native market. Bolobo is celebrated for its ivory trade, and some very fine carving is to be found. It has both a Protestant and a Catholic mission.

WHEN THE "QUEEN ASTRID" PUTS IN FOR THE NIGHT: Native traders waiting on the shore to do business with the passengers in the great ship, which makes fast beneath the palm trees. The *Queen Astrid* carries a powerful searchlight.

THE TREASURES OF OXFORD

An Exhibition Lent by the Oxford Colleges and Other University Departments at Goldsmiths' Hall, London

A GOLD AND SILVER WATCH, DATING FROM ABOUT 1600, WHICH POSSIBLY BELONGED TO QUEEN ELIZABETH I: This is one of the exhibits, which has been lent by the Ashmolean Museum, appearing in the remarkable Treasures of Oxford Exhibition at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London.



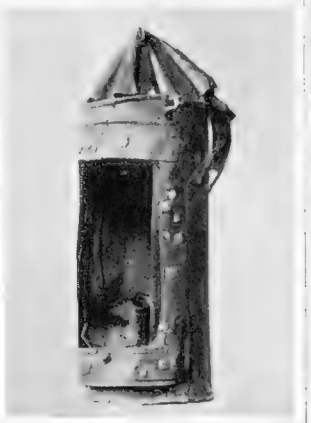
ONE OF THE LOVELY MANUSCRIPTS AT THE GOLDSMITHS' HALL EXHIBITION: This illuminated manuscript was made about 1475 for Margaret of York, showing her at prayer, and has been lent by the Bodleian Library. The artist was the "Master of Mary of Burgundy."

On right—

KING HENRY VII'S BOOK OF HOURS: This page depicts St. George slaying the Dragon. It was executed in Normandy about 1430. No one knows for sure whether it really belonged to Henry VII.

AN ASTROLABE WHICH WAS MADE FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH I: It was presented to Oxford University in 1659. Astrolabes were used to tell the time and to give astronomical information.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DISH AND EWER OF UNUSUALLY RICH FORM: These were presented to Christ Church by John Wilkins, of Leicestershire, in memory of his son. Nearly all the Oxford colleges have made contributions to the exhibition.



GUY FAWKES' DARK LANTERN: He was holding it when he was found with his gunpowder barrels in the Houses of Parliament on November 5, 1605.

"THE MONKEY SALT," DATING FROM ABOUT 1500: Made of silver-gilt and enamel, this salt-cellar is one of the most famous pieces of plate in existence.

A MEDIEVAL PASTORAL STAFF GIVEN TO CORPUS CHRISTI BY BISHOP FOXE: In the niches are figures of saints, and in the crook is a representation of St. Peter.

"THE FOUNDER'S SALT," EXECUTED IN THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: It is decorated with pearls and elaborate tracery, and was given to Corpus Christi by Bishop Foxe.

KNOWN AS THE "GIANT" OR "HUNTSMAN SALT": This fifteenth-century piece was presented to All Souls' in 1799 by Mrs. Catherine Griffiths. It is over 17 ins. high.

The exhibition of the treasures of Oxford will be open at Goldsmiths' Hall, London, from May 20 until August 29. With its great variety and high artistic standard the exhibition should have a wide appeal to the general public, to art enthusiasts and to experts in the arts which are represented. There are paintings, drawings, coins and medals, watches and clocks, jewellery and gold and silver plate. Some 240 pieces of plate, including very rare examples from the medieval period, will be on show, and there will also be many manuscripts of considerable interest.

Exhibits have been selected for their association with the Royal Family, or with the history of Oxford (which has always been Royalist in its sympathies) or with London, giving the exhibition a most suggestive historical emphasis. There is an important group of fine contemporary work—silver and printing—to show the continuity of the craft tradition in this country. Few of the exhibits are normally on view to the public in Oxford, but some of these have been included either because of their historical interest or in order to emphasize those crafts which are traditionally associated with Goldsmiths' Hall, and which are now so much in need of encouragement.

During the Coronation service on June 2 the Queen will be presented with a Bible and this will join the exhibition shortly afterwards. The Bible of Queen Elizabeth I, in its contemporary Tudor binding of sumptuous red velvet with gilt trimmings, may also be seen at Goldsmiths' Hall. In addition, there are embroidered leather gloves, which were presented to Queen Elizabeth I. at Oxford in 1566, and which were tried on by the present Queen when she visited Oxford.

There will be about 450 exhibits from nearly all the colleges, the Bodleian Library, the Ashmolean Museum, the Museum of the History of Science, and the other University departments. They will be shown in the old ceremonial rooms at Goldsmiths' Hall, which are being specially adapted for the occasion. This is the first exhibition of its type ever to be held, and it will give the public an opportunity to see how magnificent are the possessions of the oldest English university.

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IN THE MIDST OF CORONATION PREPARATIONS, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRESIDES OVER CONVOCATION: Bishops of the Southern Province assembled at Church House, Westminster, discuss Relations with the Free Churches and the Amended Lectionary. Dr. Fisher addressed the Full Synod and referred to the Coronation broadcast.

Already the public have been asked to join in the singing of the hymn "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," during the Coronation service, and now, as an act of corporate prayer, they are asked to keep the silence which is being observed at the time of the prayer of Humble Access. This request was made last week by Dr. Fisher when he addressed the Full Synod of the Convocation of Canterbury at Westminster. Dealing with the business before Convocation, the Archbishop commented on Church Relations in England and said: "The next step should be, if there is a next step, official discussions between Church and Church." In the discussion on the Amended Lectionary it was pointed out by the Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. S. Falkner Allison, that the existing position was chaotic, as there were four lectionaries now used in public worship. The report before Convocation proposed that two lectionaries should be submitted in due course with a view to ultimate authorisation as the only two permissible lectionaries, but Dr. Allison thought that the ideal, if practicable, would be one lectionary for the whole Church, and that, with all its diversity of tradition, it should find its symbol of unity in the Book of Common Prayer.

Home News in Pictures

SHAKESPEARE IN THE CITY

The Mermaid Theatre at the Royal Exchange; the Duchess of Gloucester Visits a Printing Works; Flying Under London's Bridges; Bishops in Conclave; Cleaning Nelson's Column; a Rehearsal for Trooping the Colour

STEEPLEJACKS ON THE CAPITAL OF NELSON'S COLUMN PREPARING TO GIVE THE STATUE ITS CORONATION CLEAN-UP: Mr. Larkins, the famous steeplejack (centre), and his two assistants reached the top of the Column at the beginning of last week after several days of preliminary work. He found that the figure was in very good condition and had not deteriorated since its last cleaning in 1946. The work was expected to take about two weeks. When it is completed, Londoners will notice very little difference in the figure, for soot and dust have penetrated deeply into the sandstone and to remove them entirely would endanger the fabric.

REHEARSING FOR THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY—COLONEL P. W. MARSHAM, OF THE 1ST BATTALION, GRENADIER GUARDS, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF HORSE GUARDS PARADE AS HE TAKES THE SALUTE: This was the first of eight rehearsals for Trooping the Colour, which is to take place on June 11, the date of the Queen's official birthday. The rehearsal took the form of Mounting the Guard, a ceremony which normally takes place in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. Mounting the Guard on Horse Guards Parade instead of in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace takes place during one month of every year.

THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE AS THE NEW COLOURS ARE MARCHED PAST : The Colours leading the parade as Her Majesty stood on the steps of the terrace at Buckingham Palace, flanked by officers of the Grenadier Guards, of which Regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief. On the balcony above, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is seen watching the ceremony in company with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The ceremonial parade opened with the Queen's inspection. Then followed the trooping of the old Colours, which were marched off parade to "Auld Lang Syne." The new Colours, two for each battalion, a Queen's Colour and a Regimental Colour, were then consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, and the Queen addressed the parade. Only a week previously the Queen had presented new Standards to the Life Guards and the Blues at a notable ceremony in the Home Park at Windsor.

GRENADIER GUARDS AT THE PALACE

The Queen Presents New Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions During an Impressive Ceremonial Parade

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE SALUTE : With Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother they were watching the parade on the terrace at Buckingham Palace. *On right*—THE NEW COLOURS OF THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS ARE MARCHED AWAY FROM THE PALACE : Like the old Colours, they are emblazoned with battle honours extending over three centuries.

PERHAPS THE MOST WIDESPREAD OF DEER INTRODUCED TO THIS COUNTRY—THE SIKA, OR JAPANESE DEER: The Sika is a small or medium-sized deer with branched horns rather like those of the red deer. In summer the coat is dappled with pale spots, which disappear when the colder weather arrives. Sika deer are believed to have reached the New Forest from Branksea Island, Poole Harbour, after swimming across a stretch of water more than a mile wide. Two races of them are now to be found as far afield as Scotland and the north of England.

BRITAIN'S CHANGING WILD-LIFE

An Account of the Present Life in Britain of Newcomers Amongst Mammals, Reptiles and Birds

By JAMES FISHER

With Drawings by **DENNIS OVENDEN**

THOSE who lie awake at night in their rooms in the more exclusive London clubs within a mile of Piccadilly Circus must often hear the patter of tiny feet—a scrabbling patter, with short rushes, occasionally accompanied by squeaks: the sounds and voices of members of the species *Rattus rattus* moving within the walls, or pipe-casing, from one storey to another.

They are listening to a naturalised alien rat whose distribution in Britain is much wider than any current textbook will allow. Indeed, in Central London, the "black" rat is certainly very much more common than *Rattus norvegicus*, the "brown" rat, a much later introduction, which has now become far more widespread and abundant except in areas (like London), where the special climbing ability of the black rat is at a premium.

These rats are the best-known of our animal aliens. The black rat probably came to us from the Near East on the ships of the returning Crusaders and, if this is true, is about all we ever got out of the Crusades! The brown rat, which reached Britain in 1728 or 1729, was one of our chief "benefits" from the new Baltic trade with the Russia of Peter the Great. These astonishingly successful rodents were, of course, introduced unwittingly by man, as the house-mouse may have been before them. Early introductions that were deliberate were few, though the Romans are believed to have brought the pheasant and the Normans the rabbit. But neither of these supposed importations is ever likely to be formally proved.

About 10 per cent. of all the British breeding mammals, reptiles, amphibians and birds are now feral, by which I mean introduced by man, whether accidentally or purposely, and established in a wild state without further aid from him. This is a substantial percentage, it is true. But it is not a surprising one, considering that Britain is an island which, through the events of history, has been cut off from certain expanding Continental species and which has lost quite a number through extinction, often by human agency. It thus has, or had, "places in nature" into which suitable aliens could settle. Japan, which resembles Britain in many ways from the faunal point of view, has a similar group of introduced species. Some remote countries, particularly Australia and New Zealand, have an altogether exceptional and much larger group of introduced species, the result of having an impoverished fauna to start with, and of having been settled, mostly within the last century, by human colonists with a natural wish to surround themselves with some of the familiar animals of the homeland from which they came.

Although Britain has only about 10 per cent. of its vertebrates (excluding fish) introduced, a great many of its introduced species were first liberated during the last fifty or sixty years. And most biologists will agree with R. S. R. Fitter, who is making a special study of introduced species, that there may be many economic disadvantages in further irresponsible or careless introductions of alien species. Nobody has a good word to say for those people who introduced the rats, even though they did not know they were doing so. There is little cause for us to bless those who brought the rabbit (if indeed it *was* brought to Britain), nor those who, very much more recently, and in misguided enthusiasm, introduced the grey squirrel. A rather surprising number of deer have been introduced quite lately, and while complaints of damage to agricultural land have so far not been heavy, there may be serious consequences if the populations build up. (And, as we shall see, there are certain possibilities of introduction of other animals, which look quite sinister.)

If we include the latest, the Government-sponsored reindeer, we have at present nine or ten species of deer wild in Britain, of which all but three have been introduced. These introduced deer have been the special study of Gerald Johnstone. Many of the alien deer have got their first sniff of freedom in the county of Bedford, having escaped or been released from Whipsnade Zoological Park or from the estate of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Park. Some recent notes and papers by Sir William Taylor and others have shown how quickly some of these exotic creatures have spread within 100 miles (and sometimes more) of Bedfordshire. The Thames has proved a barrier to most of the Bedfordshire introductions, but the Indian chital or axis deer has been found on both sides of this river.

THE FAT OR BUSHY-TAILED DORMOUSE, NOW TO BE FOUND IN THE CHILTERNS, WHERE THEY WERE INTRODUCED IN 1902: This is the largest of the European dormice, with head and body about 7 ins. long and a tail of about 5½ ins. The colour is smoky-grey above and whitish below. Fat dormice are sometimes confused with young grey squirrels, which they somewhat resemble. Their food includes acorns, beechnuts and fruit.

The American black-tailed deer is apparently at large in one small area of England. Some little species have been very successful and have already reached considerable distances—the Chinese water-deer, and the two races of the Asiatic barking deer or muntjac. Perhaps the most widespread introduced deer is the sika, of which two races have also been introduced. This is also an Asiatic species, and is now found as far afield as North England and Scotland. The roe-deer situation has been very much confused by the introduction and spread of the Siberian race of this species, which is now believed to be interbreeding with the native race. Indeed, with the roe we are probably approaching the situation that now exists with the fallow deer, where it is impossible to distinguish between indigenous and introduced strains. Just why so many species of deer have been introduced is difficult to say. Some of them are undoubtedly unintentional

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BRITAIN'S CHANGING WILD-LIFE

(*Concluded from previous page*)

—escapes from the estates I have mentioned or from private parks—but others have been deliberate.

Miss Monica Shorten, who is responsible for the latest survey of the distribution of the grey squirrel in Britain, has shown that scattered records of this species in Britain exist from as early as 1830, but the main series of introductions began in 1889 and continued till 1929. Since then, surveys of the state of the species have been made by A. D. Middleton and Miss Shorten, and the result of the survey of 1944–45 was to show that the area occupied had doubled in the previous fifteen years.

An interesting and more recent rodent introduction is the fat dormouse. This has not spread in the spectacular way of the grey squirrel, with which it has sometimes been confused, for adult fat dormice somewhat resemble young grey squirrels. It still appears to be confined to the Chilterns, where it was introduced in 1902. The latest survey, published by H. B. Thompson, shows that, starting at Tring Park, in Hertfordshire, its spread in that corner of the county and neighbouring parts of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire has been rather slow, and that by 1951 it occupied little more than 100 square miles, within a triangle framed by the towns of Beaconsfield, Aylesbury and Luton.

Although on the Continent fat dormice can be pests in orchards and vineyards, they do not appear to do much harm in Britain. Indeed, the chief complaint against them concerns their night life; for they are fond of invading the attics of houses along the Chiltern scarp, where they bounce about (as has been described to me by more than one victim) "like a herd of young elephants."

BUSHY-TAILED DORMICE PLAYING WITH APPLES IN A CHILTERN LOFT: While these animals do not appear to be very destructive in this country, they are a nuisance in some places owing to the noise they make when playing in this fashion. Fat dormice were considered a delicacy by the Romans, who fattened them on chestnuts.

In the late 1920's fur-farming began rapidly to increase in Britain, and as rapidly became a dangerous source of introduction of alien animals. Indeed, the Government had to slap on the Destructive Imported Animals Act of 1932, as a result of the escape of musk-rats. By this Act it became illegal to keep musk-rats without a licence, and a year later the keeping of musk-rats was absolutely prohibited. The first places where these biggish North American rodents escaped, according to the careful investigations of Tom Warwick, were in 1929 at Great Missenden, in Buckinghamshire, and near Louth, in Lincolnshire. By 1934 there were at least eighteen farms from which escapes were known to have taken place, and the River Severn near Shrewsbury became infested in the early 1930's, the animals gradually spreading until their colonies were distributed over an area of about 100 square miles. Wild colonies also established themselves in the River Wey and its tributaries on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, and on the River Arun, in Sussex; and in Scotland there was an infestation in the early '30's in a belt extending from the middle waters of the River Forth to the River Earn, or in a broadish belt from Stirling to Perth. For once, however, a rodent responded to human control. A very well-conducted campaign, in which Tom Warwick and B. Vallings played an important part, succeeded in destroying every British "wild" musk-rat by 1939.

MEMBERS OF THE BIG NORFOLK COLONY OF WILD COYPU RATS: These large rodents, originally natives of South America, are descendants of coypu escapees from British fur farms. They have a body length of from 16 to 23 ins.

MANDARIN DUCKS—AN EAST ASIA SPECIES OF GREAT ATTRACTION: These ornamental birds, with their purple, green, and coppery plumage, are among the most decorative of our waterfowl. A drawing of a mandarin duck at Richmond was made in 1747.

Another rodent introduced as the result of fur-farming is the coypu, larger than the musk-rat, a South American aquatic rodent allied to the beavers, whose fur is known in the trade as nutria. It was apparently first introduced into Britain in 1929, about fifty farms being established between that date and the outbreak of war, when nutria-farming appears to have stopped. With a few exceptions all the nutria farms were south-east of a line joining the Wash and the Bristol Channel. Escapes began to be reported in 1932, mainly in Hampshire, Sussex, Surrey and Norfolk, the counties in which there were most farms. Later, escaped coypus were reported in several other counties, including Cheshire, Shropshire, Somerset, Hampshire, Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, but eventually the escapes appear to have died out, and at present there seem to be only two colonies of feral animals, one in the system of the River Yare, in Norfolk, and the other in a Buckinghamshire sewage farm. The colony in Norfolk appears to be a big one and is regularly trapped. So far, neither of the populations looks like being eradicated, and the Norfolk one consists of some hundreds of animals.

THE AMERICAN MINK: James Fisher warns that mink escapees from fur farms here may establish themselves and become a menace, as they are already in Iceland.

A new and sinister possibility is the escape of mink from British fur-farms, and the establishment of this aggressive and opportunistic member of the weasel family as a naturalised wild animal. That the possibility may not be remote is shown by the fact that it has already escaped and established itself in Iceland. Here, on the little green islands near Reykjavik, the capital, I have seen the holes of the mink near the tops of small cliffs, with fish-bones at their entrances. But the mink does not confine itself to fish, and is particularly dangerous to ducks and other nesting birds in the season. Dr. Gudhmundsson, Iceland's principal vertebrate zoologist, records that the mink is now spreading rather rapidly in South Iceland and that it may, in a few years, begin seriously to endanger the stocks of wildfowl. Luckily it has so far not penetrated to the amazing wildfowl area of Myvatn, in north-central Iceland. The consequences of the establishment of a mink colony here, where they would have plenty of trout and char to rely on in the winter, and many thousands of ducks' eggs and young in the summer, are too horrible to contemplate. The mink could establish itself in the Highlands of Scotland if it escaped; the Spey Valley would suit it well. The effects of adding new animals of prey can possibly be exaggerated, but nobody has been able to say that they are *good*!

So far in this article I have dealt with introduced mammals, which are in many ways the most interesting and important of our introduced vertebrates. Most of the reptiles which have established themselves have done so as a result of deliberate introduction, and are still confined to small areas near their place of origin. Some of the water-tortoises are still doubtfully feral. Among them are the snapper or "snapping turtle," of eastern North America, which is quite often imported, and the painted terrapin or "turtle" from the same part of the world; and from Europe the aquatic Spanish terrapin, indigenous in the Iberian Peninsula and North-West Africa, and the common pond-tortoise of southern and central Europe. For many years, too, three species of land-tortoise have been regularly imported and kept as garden pets—the Greek, spur-tailed and margined tortoises. Occasionally these appear to

have laid eggs in southern England. As these tortoises are long-lived, they may be present in an area for many years without breeding, and give the impression of being feral when they are not really so. Similarly, green lizards and wall-lizards from the Continent have been introduced in various places and have been seen at large many years later; but it is doubtful whether either has ever established a regular breeding colony.

However, introductions of the amphibians have been rather more successful, as Dr. Malcolm Smith described so well in his recent book, *The British Amphibians and Reptiles*, and in his scientific notes. Midwife toads first appeared about 1903 in a garden in Bedford, having possibly been imported in some packing-cases of plants brought over from the south of France. In 1922 they still inhabited the same pond, and some were reintroduced about a quarter of a mile away when this pond was filled in. In 1949 Dr. Malcolm Smith found that the garden where the toads now live occupied about an acre of ground in which they wander about: the colony breeds every year, and has no special care taken of it. In 1950 Dr. Smith heard there were still some toads in another pond in the nursery garden where they were first established, and yet a third colony in a neighbouring garden. In 1947 the species was introduced from Bedford into a garden near Worksop, actually in Yorkshire, and some more Bedford tadpoles were introduced here in 1948. By 1950 a stable colony appears to have been established.

THE EUROPEAN MIDWIFE TOAD, SO CALLED FROM THE MALE'S HABIT OF ASSISTING THE FEMALE IN SPAWNING: The male carries the eggs until the young are hatched. Midwife toads first appeared here in 1903.

THE LARGE AND LOVELY CAPERCAILLIE, WHICH ONCE BECAME EXTINCT IN THIS COUNTRY, BUT WAS SUCCESSFULLY REINTRODUCED: The cock bird, which may reach a length of 36 ins., has won celebrity for his marvellous performance when serenading hens during the morning and evening twilight in spring. The hen nests on the ground, keeping her young until the approach of winter.

Dr. Smith shows in his book that the edible frog was first provedly introduced into England in 1837, in Norfolk, and large numbers have since been liberated in many parts of south-east England. Usually after some years the colonies disappear, but places where there appear to be stable, though smallish, colonies are London, Middlesex and Kent, notably Ham Common and Richmond Park, also Teddington, Otford and Dunton (in Kent) and Hampstead Heath. There is

THE GADWALL, WHICH NOW BREEDS REGULARLY IN THIS COUNTRY: This attractive waterbird was first introduced in 1850. It is rather smaller and more retiring than the common mallard and is seldom seen in large numbers, except in parts of Norfolk.

also still a small colony in Woburn Park, Bedfordshire. The marsh-frog appears to have been more successful, though only in one particular area. At the end of February 1935 twelve specimens from Hungary were liberated by E. P. Smith in a garden at Stone-in-Oxney, on the edge of Romney Marsh. In the following spring they had reached a dyke about half a mile away, where they bred; and they advanced rapidly into Romney Marsh, occupying by 1939 nearly 30 square miles. They have occupied more since.

Birds are more frequently kept at liberty or semi-liberty in private gardens than any other kinds of animal, and if we judge them by the standards we have adopted with the reptiles and amphibians, the list of introduced species must be a long one, for there are many exotic species breeding free-winged in private collections (such as those of the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Alfred Ezra and Major Albert Pam) or in the collections of such societies as the Zoological Society of London, which owns Whipsnade Park, or the Severn Wildfowl Trust, which has a magnificent collection of waterfowl in Gloucestershire, many of which are free-winged. However, most of these free-winged breeders are fed by their owners and to that extent are not feral. If we take a strict view, then, we cannot embrace a very long list of introduced birds, compared with the number of indigenous wild species. The mute swan and the pheasant probably represent ancient introductions. The French partridge was probably established in the eighteenth century. The capercaillie, once indigenous, became extinct and was successfully reintroduced at Taymouth, in Perthshire, in 1837. The story of its subsequent spread has been excellently told by J. A. Harvie-Brown in 1888; and by Dr. Ian Pennie in 1950–51, in the *Scottish Naturalist*. There has been little advance, and in some areas a decrease, after the second decade of the present century, when this beautiful gamebird seems to have reached its peak.

Naturally enough, sport and landlords have been under frequent temptations to introduce exotic game; so much so that, in their recent identification book, R. S. R. Fitter and R. A. Richardson have figured quite a number of sporting exotics simply because of the frequency with which the amateur bird-watcher may encounter them. There are several estates where Amherst, golden, silver and Reeves' pheasants are at liberty, also red jungle-fowl; and there have been recent attempts to introduce a close relation of the French partridge, the chukor. Other game-birds, even wild turkeys, have been supported at liberty. Exotic pigeons, too, have been kept free-winged, and there are several half-wild colonies of the little Barbary dove in south-east England, which probably would not survive without some feeding in winter but which otherwise look after themselves. It is to be hoped that the Barbary's close relation, the collared turtle-dove, will not be turned at liberty just now, since the astonishing spread of the wild species through Europe, which has carried it from the Balkans to Sweden in twenty years, may bring it to Britain quite naturally. Indeed, one has already been found occupying a territory in Lincolnshire, which, in my opinion, was more likely to have been a wild pioneer than an escape from captivity.

But it is among the waterfowl that we can log most of the avian introductions. There is no doubt about the increase, in the last century, of certain of our nesting ducks. They may have been derived from introduced birds, in some cases, as much as from wild stock. This might go well, for instance, for the gadwall, though perhaps not for that successful saw-bill, the goosander, which is not so often kept in captivity. The Canada goose has been with us for so long now in so many parts of the country that even the text-books regard it as a wild species, and they will soon, I believe, have to accept the introduced mandarin, which has several wild colonies, the most notable of which, perhaps, is at Virginia Water, in Surrey. Among the other ducks, geese and swans which are capable of supporting themselves at complete liberty, and occasionally do, are the Carolina or wood-duck, the rosybill, the Egyptian goose, the Chinese goose, and the black swan.

A LITTLE OWL HAWKING COCKCHAFERS AT DUSK: This bird firmly established itself after its introduction in the nineteenth century, and for years controversy raged around its alleged destruction of game birds. The diet of the Little Owl, however, consists chiefly of rodents, insects and small birds. It frequents open country, nesting in holes in trees, walls, sand-pits, and even rabbit burrows and sea-cliffs.

On left—

GREEN LIZARDS FROM THE CONTINENT, WHICH HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY: Numbers of them have been freed in Devon, the Isle of Wight and North Wales, but it is doubtful whether they have established regular breeding colonies. Green lizards are abundant in Southern Europe, where they may attain a length of 17 ins.

Fortunately, none of the avian introductions has turned out harmful, and quite a number of them have increased the variety of sport or bird-watching. Indeed, the only one whose position is seriously equivocal is the little owl, which was introduced into England in Kent in about 1874, and into Northamptonshire by Lord Lilford (where it bred regularly at large) for the first time near Oundle in 1889. In twenty years it had invaded most of the counties bordering on Northamptonshire, as well as Sussex, Kent and Hampshire. After another twenty years it was present in nearly all Wales and the whole of England south of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By now it has been recorded nesting from all parts of Wales and the whole of England except Lakeland. Its spread has been a steady and inexorable one. Unquestionably its chief foods consist of earthworms and insects; but its habit of eating young birds, including the chicks of game, although it may be confined to certain rogue individuals, has not endeared it to gamekeepers.

The conclusions from the story of Britain's introduced animals are not wholly grim. We see from the study of at least the birds and amphibians that it is possible to turn down interesting and amusing species and get away with it, without apparent damage to the rest of the animal and plant community. It would thus be difficult to maintain that on principle *all* kinds of introduction should be forbidden, though there are some who take this view. But it is pretty obvious that introductions should be made with great care and after full consideration of the possibilities. And it would seem to be desirable that the release of any further exotic mammals should be no longer a matter of private whim, but should be under legislative control. This article is, of course, confined to vertebrates, but there are plenty—indeed, more—lessons to be learned about the perils of introduction from a study of insects.

But it is interesting, in any case, to contemplate that about 10 per cent. of the vertebrate animals of our countryside are naturalised foreigners.

CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN BERMUDA: These forces, headed by Bermuda's Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood, G.B.E., K.C.B. (who is seen, second from left), provided the guard of honour at the birthday parade at Hamilton. For the Army this was one of the last parades in Bermuda, as four days later British forces left the island to Bermuda-trained militia, and from now on the island defences are a matter for the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

FAREWELL TO BERMUDA

The British Military Forces Have Left the Island, and the Men of the Bermuda Rifles Take Over

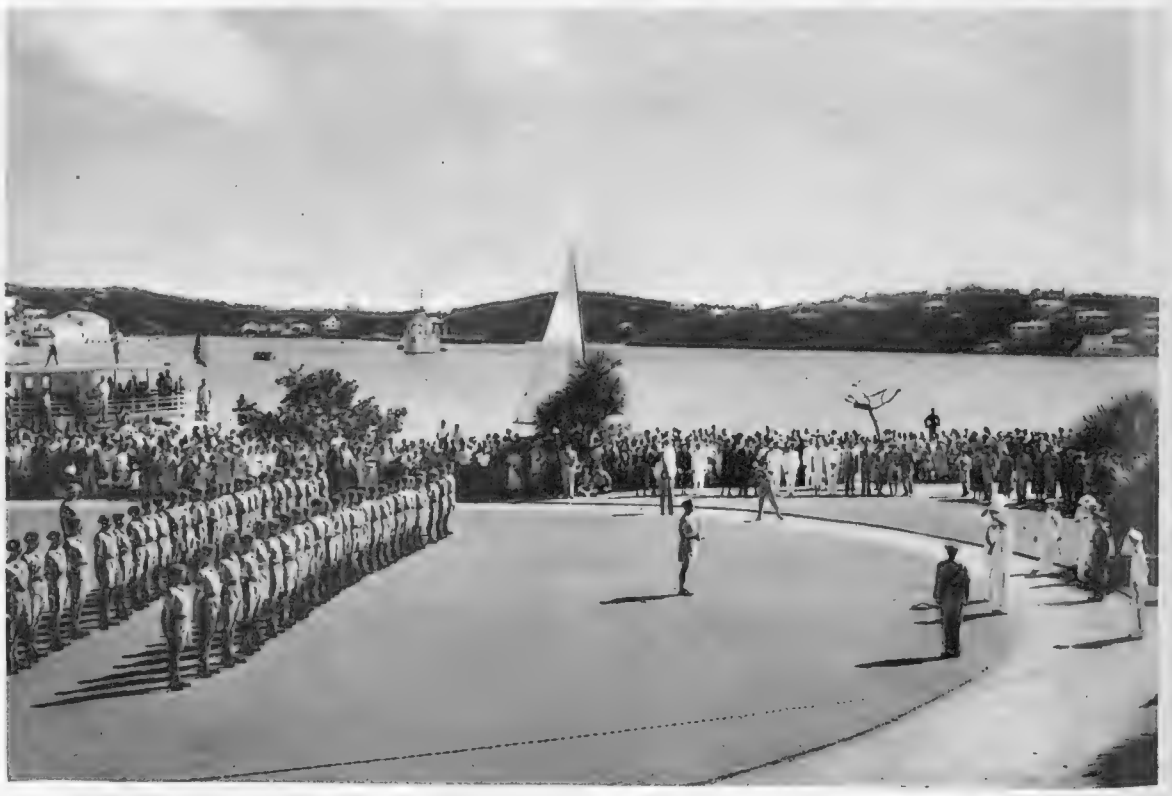
BERMUDA FORCES IN PRE-CORONATION DRILL: A contingent of Bermuda Rifles going through a close drill on top of Fort Catherine, near historic St. George, while the Union Jack flies above. Since the departure of United Kingdom soldiers, these are the troops left on the island. They will play a prominent part in the parade on June 2 down Front Street.

The Bermudas, a group of 360 small islands, forming together an irregular oval ring measuring about twenty-two miles in length and about three miles in width, were still uninhabited when in 1609 Admiral George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, while on a voyage with a fleet of eight other vessels, conveying a party of colonists to Virginia, was wrecked on one of the sunken reefs which surround the islands. The Virginia Company was granted an extension of their charter by King James I so as to include the islands within their dominion, but soon afterwards the Bermudas were taken over by a company of London Merchant Adventurers and thenceforward they were administered by a Governor appointed by the Crown.

In recent years some important changes have taken place in the Bermudas. The Americans have established large air bases there, and the islands are now very much under the defensive wing of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. As a result of these changes the British Army garrison is no longer required, and the final hundred men in a force which at one time in history totalled 2,200 paraded along Hamilton's Front Street, at the end of April, before finally taking their departure. Men of the Bermudan Rifles will now assume garrison duties, and it is they, too, who will stage the Coronation parade on June 2, when Bermuda celebrates the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

BERMUDA'S GOVERNOR: His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood (left), leading a contingent of Bermudians through old seventeenth-century St. George during a recent ceremony.

CONDUCTING CLOSE-ORDER DRILL ON THE RAMPARTS: Bermudan troops preparing for the Coronation in the old seventeenth-century fort, which once guarded this Gibraltar of the Western Hemisphere. *Right*—**THE GOVERNOR AT A PRE-CORONATION PARADE IN THE HARBOUR AREA:** Against an idyllic background of placid waters and blue skies Sir Alexander Hood takes the parade.



RACING AT SILVERSTONE

A Day of Good Driving at the Northamptonshire Circuit; the Flora Dance at Helston, and a Last Service in the Ruined Church of St. Clement Danes

More than 100,000 people went to Silverstone last Saturday for the meeting organised by the *Daily Express* and the British Racing Drivers' Club. The highlight of the day was undoubtedly the Trophy race for British Grand Prix Formula II cars, run off in two 15-lap heats and a 105-mile 35-lap final. The Trophy was won by Mike Hawthorn in a Ferrari in 1 hour 6 mins. 36 secs., followed in second place by Roy Salvadori in a Connaught in 1 hour 6 mins. 48 secs. Hawthorn (winner of the second heat) went into the lead very early in the final and maintained his position throughout the race, at times driving at a speed of 93 m.p.h., while Salvadori only drew into second place halfway through the race, overtaking Baron E. de Graffenried, who, unfortunately, was penalised for an anticipated start. Stirling Moss, who came second to de Graffenried in the first heat, was unsuccessful in the final, but thrilled the crowd with his driving in the Production Touring Class race. In this race, driving a 3½-litre Mark 7 Jaguar saloon, Moss set up a new touring lap record in 2 mins. 18 secs. at 76·36 m.p.h. The second and third places were taken by G. H. Grace in a 2½-litre Riley, and C. G. H. F. Dunham in a 3-litre Alvis, respectively, Grace finishing just six seconds ahead of Dunham, who for several laps was in second place.

OFF TO A FLYING START FOR THE FIRST RACE OF LAST SATURDAY'S MEETING AT THE SILVERSTONE CIRCUIT: In the left foreground of the picture is Don Parker (Kieft), No. 23, who won the 500-cc. race of 15 laps in 31 mins. 14 secs. at an average speed of 84·34 m.p.h. In the centre is R. G. Bicknell (Staride), No. 16, who was second, while in the lead is Eric Brandon (Cooper), No. 15, who came third. One lap at the Silverstone circuit equals 2 miles 1,631½ yards. The cars taking part last Saturday ranged from standard saloons and sports models to the fastest Grand Prix racing cars.

A BRITISH RACING DRIVER WHO THRILLED THE CROWD WITH HIS PERFORMANCES: Stirling Moss, who only forty-eight hours earlier had been injured in an accident during trials, seen at the wheel of his Cooper-Alta during the first heat of the *Daily Express* Trophy Race. In this race Moss took second place, driving at an average speed of 90·63 m.p.h., and finishing five seconds behind Baron de Graffenried.

THE START OF THE PRODUCTION SPORTS CAR RACE: Car No. 44, K. H. Downing in an Aston-Martin, is made ready for the start of the 17-lap race, which was won by Mike Hawthorn in a 4·1 litre Ferrari. Another Ferrari, driven by T. L. H. Cole, came second, and Reg Parnell, in an Aston-Martin, took third place. At one time Hawthorn touched 90·84 m.p.h.

THE CORONATION YEAR FLORA DAY AT HELSTON, CORNWALL—TRADITIONAL CELEBRATIONS HERALDING THE APPROACH OF SUMMER: Led by the town band drummer and the Mayor, the formally-dressed dancers and their charming partners pass the Corn Exchange during the day's celebrations. The Flora (or Furry) dances are held on May 8, and although their origin is obscure it is said that they commemorate a wonderful deliverance many centuries ago when a "fiery dragon" appeared over the town and dropped a large stone in the yard of what is now an hotel. The people dance in the streets and through the houses, entering by the front door and leaving by the back.

THE LAST SERVICE, PRIOR TO RESTORATION, TO BE HELD AMID THE RUINS OF THE BOMBED CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES IN THE STRAND, LONDON, W.C.: This was the scene in the shell of the church last Sunday during the last service which also commemorated the twelfth anniversary of the bombing of the building. The parish has been amalgamated with that of near-by St. Mary-le-Strand, and when the church is restored it will become the Church of the Air Ministry and the Royal Air Force.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

SOME OF THE INTERESTING PEOPLE, AT HOME AND ABROAD, WHO HAVE RECENTLY MADE HEADLINE NEWS

A ROYAL GUEST AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE DINNER OF THE SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN: The Duchess of Kent arriving at Grosvenor House, where the dinner took place. With her is Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, Q.C., the Club's president. The Duchess was wearing a gown of midnight-blue, with a diamond necklace.

VISCOUNT DEVONPORT AND LORD WAVERLEY LOOK AT SOME OF THE PICTURES IN THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION: The exhibition, the seventeenth to be held, was opened by Viscount Devonport last week, and contained over 250 entries. The work was of an exceptionally high standard. Lord Waverley is the chairman of the P.L.A.

On left—

THE HEIR TO A MILLION SELLS AIR-LINE TICKETS: Mr. Billy Wallace, a friend of Princess Margaret, is seen at his new job in an airways company's West End inquiry office. He has left his previous position with a City firm of bankers because, says Mr. Wallace, "Meeting people means more to me than figures."

THE QUEEN OF PERSIA ATTENDS A POLO MATCH IN ROME: Colonel Prem Singh, an Indian polo player, is presented to Queen Soraya of Persia during a recent polo match which she attended on the outskirts of Rome. Partly concealed behind the Queen is Mr. Luciano Zingone, president of the Rome Polo Club. Queen Soraya arrived in Rome on April 27, accompanied by her mother and by the head of Court ceremonial. She stayed in Italy for a week before going to Switzerland to visit her stepdaughter, Chahnaz, who is at school there, and other members of her family. It was stated that the Queen would stay in Europe for at least two months and that she had come for health reasons.

A BRITISH RIDER TAKES A PRIZE AT THE ROME HORSE SHOW: Mr. William Hanson, seen mounted on his horse The Monarch, receives the bronze she-wolf of Rome from the Mayor, Salvatore Rebecchini. This coveted prize was won by taking the top place in the Grand Prix de Rome, when Mr. Hanson and The Monarch out-classed thirty-five jumpers from the five other nations in the show. A gratifying feature of the show from the British point of view was the steady improvement of Mr. Hanson as the show went on. Two days before, in winning the Grand Prix de Rome, he was the only British rider to get a clear round in the Premio Pincio, a competition decided by a combination of faults and time. Mr. Hanson's final placing in this trial was sixth. On the last day of the show, in the competition for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizewinners, Mr. Hanson and The Monarch were Britain's only hope. Unfortunately the horse threw its rider, who, although shaken, was able to remount, but was unplaced. The British team which was entered for the Rome Horse Show was an experimental one, giving valuable experience to riders and horses who will be needed in the future to replace our Olympic team.

MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE WITH PRESIDENT LUIGI EINAUDI OF ITALY AFTER SHE HAD PRESENTED HER CREDENTIALS AS AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES : She is the first woman Ambassador ever accredited to the Italian Government and the first American woman Ambassador to a major Power. She presented her credentials during a ceremony at Quirinale Palace, the President's official residence. Mrs. Luce, who was born in New York, has been an author, editor and playwright, her plays including *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, and *Margin for Error*. The outbreak of war stimulated her interest in politics, and after travelling in many parts of Europe and the East, she was elected to the House of Representatives as a Republican candidate. She is a convert to Roman Catholicism and is one of the leading lay women of that faith in the United States.

MADAME RENÉ MASSIGLI, THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, SEEN AT A RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE GERMAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, DR. HANS SCHLANGE-SCHOENINGEN, IN LONDON : Since Madame Massigli came to this country in 1944 with the French Ambassador, she has been seen at many diplomatic and social functions. Among the many other guests present at the reception given by Dr. Schlange-Schoeningen were Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of State ; the Marquess of Reading, Foreign Under-Secretary ; Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing ; many members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of literature and industry.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC OCCASION IN SUSSEX : The Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, Mgr. Cyril C. Cowderoy, consecrates St. Richard's Church, Slindon, near Arundel, as a part of the ceremonies connected with the celebration of the 700th anniversary of the death of St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester. In this picture Mgr. Cowderoy is seen as he traced the sign of the Cross during the Anointing of the walls. St. Richard's Church was built in 1865, but the consecration has only just been possible. Mgr. Cowderoy succeeded Archbishop Peter Amigo as Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark in 1949. In December 1948 he was appointed Privy Chamberlain to the Pope.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM ARRIVES AT ISTANBUL ON A FOUR-WEEK VISIT TO TURKEY : The well-known British author is seen coming ashore at Istanbul after travelling from his home on the French Riviera. After he has finished his Turkish visit, Mr. Maugham will spend a month in Athens. The news of his voyage came shortly after he had announced that he would write no more books, but when he landed at Istanbul his secretary said that he was engaged in writing a book of essays. This will add to his already impressive list of publications of twenty-six plays, thirty novels and 102 short stories. The recent film versions of some of Maugham's short stories have brought him wider publicity. He was born seventy-nine years ago in Paris.

MOIRA SHEARER—A STUDY OF THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLERINA WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER AILSA : The baby was born last August, and Moira Shearer, deciding that there was no reason why she should not be an artiste as well as a mother, returned to the stage last February. She became known to millions by her films, *The Red Shoes* (1948) and *Tales of Hoffmann* (1950), and she stars in the new film, *The Story of Three Loves*. Recently she agreed to make two colour films during the next eight years. She will dance in both, but this time there will be more emphasis on acting. Moira Shearer has not been dancing since March, when she hurt her foot, and will not rejoin the Company this season.

A RALLY WINNER FOR A DAY

J. W. E. Banks, Who in a Bristol 401 "Nearly" Won the Dutch Tulip Rally; An Overseas Sales Drive by the Rootes Group and a New Car Ferry Service to France

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE new Bristol Type 403 2-litre saloon, announced this week, does not look much different from the Type 401, which it replaces, but it has a more powerful engine and a number of detail refinements.

The Bristol Aeroplane Company, makers of this elegant sports saloon—one of which nearly won this year's Tulip Rally—claimed that by stepping up the power output of their famous 6-cylinder engine from 85 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. to 100 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m., the car's performance is "substantially improved."

Months of research and hundreds of hours of test running have been devoted to the new engine. The Bristol 403 has new brake drums of light alloy which are lighter than the old type and—very important, this—cooler in operation. Braking has never been the Bristol's most impressive characteristic, but the new-style drums should silence criticism on this point.

The Bristol's road-holding has doubtless been improved still further by the 403's modified shock absorber settings and the anti-roll bar which has been incorporated in the front suspension. The air conditioning system has been redesigned to ensure adequate warmth at all times, and other improvements include better fuel tank ventilation to permit faster refuelling, more efficient steering pinion adjustment, light in luggage boot, better position for trickle-charger socket and improved windscreen wiper blades.

You will be able to recognise the 403 by the silvered finish of its radiator grille. The Bristol Aeroplane Company's car division seriously considered whether or not they should change the body style, but wisely decided not to modify it just for the sake of producing something different. The present coachwork has something besides beauty. It has an aerodynamic shape, the excellence of which can be traced to the Bristol Aeroplane Company's wind tunnels. Basic price of the Bristol saloon remains unchanged at £2,000. With purchase tax the total price is £2,834.

I said just now that a Bristol "nearly" won the 1953 Tulip Rally, held at the end of April. Mr. J. W. E. ("Bill") Banks, who farms at Bourne, Lincs., was, in fact, acclaimed the winner in his Bristol 401, but on the following day, for some obscure technical reason, he found that he had been ousted from top place by Count Van Zuylen, a Dutchman who drove a 1½-litre Jowett Javelin.

While no British competitor would begrudge Van Zuylen his win, it was a big disappointment that "Bill" Banks got only second place after all. It would have been a particularly popular win. "Bill" Banks is one of those modest, unassuming, smooth-tempered drivers who go a-rallying purely for the fun of it.

He was competing in a home-tuned saloon which he likes to refer to as "the wife's shopping car," against experienced British and Continental drivers using factory-prepared cars. In the 1952 Monte Carlo Rally "Bill" Banks was involved in a serious road crash which put him into hospital for four months. He was competing in a Bristol saloon with his brother-in-law—who was driving at the time of the accident—as his companion.

They collided head-on with a Belgian car near Brussels. It was feared that "Bill" might never be able to drive again—let alone take part in another rally. Yet he flew to Holland for the finish of last year's Tulip and hobbled about on crutches talking to his motoring pals and inquiring about their rally experiences.

He was in the Monte Carlo Rally this year—again in a Bristol—and had another alarming experience when, in swerving to avoid a pile-up in front of him, he finished up with his car astride a wide, deep ditch! But it is obvious from the way he drove in this year's Tulip that "Bill's" nerve is quite unaffected by his rally mishaps.

It was the first time since the Tulip Rally began in 1949 that it has not been won by a British driver.

THE SLEEK LINES OF THE NEW BRISTOL 403 2-LITRE SALOON: Outwardly this new Bristol product resembles the Type 401 fairly closely, but there are many improvements. The main new feature is an engine developing 100 b.h.p.

Ken Wharton—who was not competing this year—has won it three times and Ian Appleyard (who finished fifth this time) once. It was a rally of surprises and sensations. First there was the "mass" disqualification of four Ford Zephyrs (including the official works team) because, it was alleged, they were using non-standard oil filters. Next the Sunbeam-Talbots of Jack Kemsley and Peter Harper were "thrown out" because they had non-standard alloy brake-drums. Then they disqualified the Sunbeam-Talbot in which Mr. Edwin Elliott, of York, originally finished second to "Bill" Banks.

It is obvious that steps must be taken in all future rallies to prevent the misunderstandings which led to these Tulip Rally shocks. It should be possible for rally organisers to give a thorough check to all competing cars before they start—in time to allow drivers to replace components or items of equipment that are adjudged to be non-standard. For instance, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for Fords to remove the offending oil filters from their Zephyrs, which were being driven by Maurice Gatsonides (winner of this year's Monte Carlo Rally), Cuth Harrison, Jack Reece and Mrs. Nancy Mitchell.

On the principle that we should be grateful for small mercies, let us give thanks for the reduction of ¾d. a gallon in the price of petrol. I don't think it will make much difference to motorists' bank balances, but it does tidy up the price of motor spirit by getting rid of those irritating odd farthings. And we mustn't forget that "ordinary" petrol would be only 1s. 8d. a gallon if it were not for the wicked duty of 2s. 6d. a gallon.

Sir William Rootes, energetic chief of the big car-building firm that bears his name, called an unusual Press conference the other day. It was a real family affair. On his right sat his brother Reginald; on his left his son Geoffrey. All three had just come back from long sales-promotion trips abroad and all three were in good heart.

Sir Reginald was the man-of-the-moment, for he had just come back from a 40,000-miles tour of India, Ceylon, Malaya, New Zealand, Australia, the U.S. and Canada. Sir William and his son had merely been to North America. Sir Reginald said he was forcibly impressed by the opportunities that exist in the world's export markets "for those who are alert and enterprising."

He thought Britain is losing big chances of increased export trade because high-ranking Government officials and the bosses of manufacturing firms in the medium-sized bracket do not travel more in these days of speedy air travel to study the export markets at first hand.

Sir William, in reply to a question, said he could hold out no hope of a trend towards lower car prices in the home market unless there was a big expansion of exports.

Jaguar cars have been out of luck lately in competitive events, but while pausing a moment to wish Mr. William Lyons "all the best" for the 24-hours race at Le Mans, I would like to place on record the fact that his XK120 two-seater has been rated as No. 1 sports car of the year in the U.S.

It was in one of these exciting cars that Mr. Sherwood Johnston gained most of the 10,100 points which have earned him the title of champion sports car driver for 1952. He has been so named by the Sports Car Club of America.

I flew from Gatwick (Sussex) to Le Touquet (France) the other day in one of Silver City Airways' new Bristol Superfreighters—twin-engined cargo planes that carry three cars and twenty passengers. It was a preview of a new passenger and car ferry service that Air-Commodore Griffith Powell, chief of Silver City, is starting this week-end between these two places.

Although primarily it is intended to cater for passengers, there are many motorists who will prefer to fly with their cars and motor-cycles from Gatwick instead of going down to Lympne, in Kent, which will continue as Silver City Airways' main ferry terminal. But it will cost more, of course.

From Lympne the return passenger fare is £4 (or £4 10s. if you do not go with a car) and the single vehicle fares are £7 10s. for small cars and £1 15s. for small motor-cycles. The comparable fares from Gatwick are: passenger return, £7 4s.; cars £10 10s.; motor-cycles £2 5s.

Up to the end of April, Silver City had take 10,500 car bookings (compared with 1,600 in the corresponding period last year) and 5,100 motor-cyc reservations (as against 2,200). An interesting air ferr development early this month was a demonstrati flight from the Midlands to Le Touquet, staged by t Automobile Association to prove that it would be a advantage to motorists living in the Midlands and t North of England if they could fly their cars to Fran without having to drive all the way to Gatwick or t South Coast.

"We hope the demonstration will result in t operation of regular services from the Midlands n only to the Continent, but also to Scotland a Ireland," said an official of the A.A. I myself a not so certain that enough motorists would be willi to pay the high freight costs which will be unavoidal until Silver City gets delivery of the four-engin freight planes it has on order and which will be al to carry six cars.

At a time when many motorists are planning holid tours I would like to mention two items of equipm which might add considerably to their comfort a convenience. One is the "Victoria" roof rack, whi enables you to take much more luggage than wou otherwise be possible. The other is the "Pic-Pac" folding chair.

There is a choice of "Victoria" roof racks, rangi from the standard model at £5 5s. to the expandi type, which costs £6 12s. 6d. and is adjustable to fit almost any car. An "Alpine" model, listed at £4 4 is particularly useful for carrying long objects such as skis, ladders and small boats.

The "Pic-Pac" folding chair costs £3 15s. 5d., including purchase tax. It is fitted with zip fasteners which enable it to be used as a kind of "hold-all" when you are on the move.

If you have not yet fitted an interference suppressor to your car to prevent annoyance to people using television sets you might like to take advantage of an offer made by Shell-Mex and B.P. The big petrol and oil firm has made available a free supply of suppressors to garages which will be glad to fit one on request.

POLICEMEN PLAY AT "COPS AND ROBBERS"—TESTING POLICE-CAR DRIVERS AT HUTTON, IN LANCASHIRE: The car in the foreground of this picture is driven by a pupil driver and is chasing the other car across what is known as the "skid-pan." This is a concrete surface treated to resemble a main road after a heavy shower of rain. Police drivers from all over England and from the Colonies come to Hutton for this test of nerve and skill.

THE MAN WHO WAS THE WINNER OF THE DUTCH TULIP RALLY—J. W. E. BANKS IS INTERVIEWED AFTER THE TRIALS: At the end of the rally it was announced that J. Banks had won, but on the following day the judges, for a technical reason, awarded the first place to Count Van Zuylen, who was driving a 1½-litre Jowett Javelin. Earlier in the rally, four Ford Zephyr saloons were disqualified on technical grounds, and a little later it was announced that two Sunbeam-Talbot cars were also disqualified.

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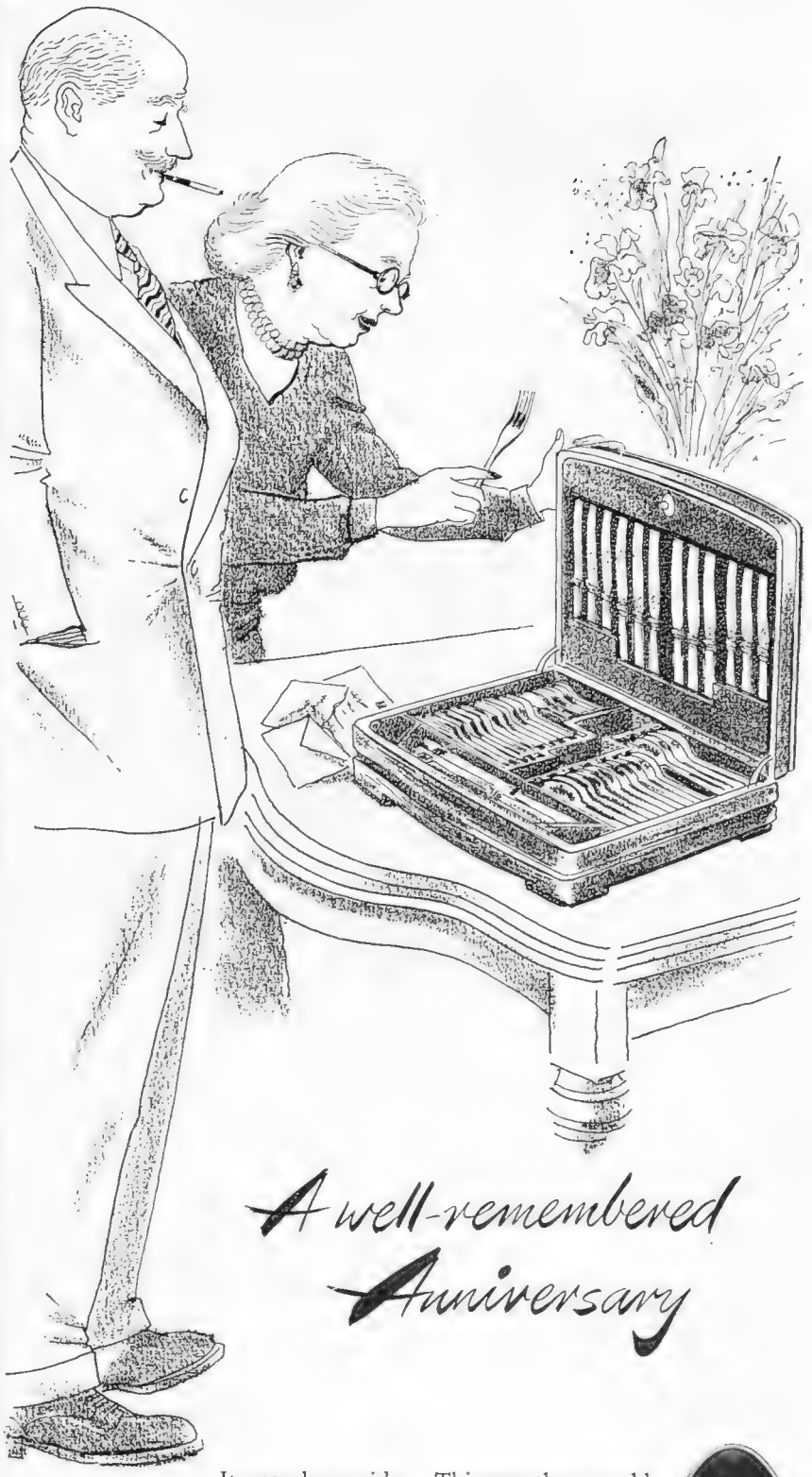
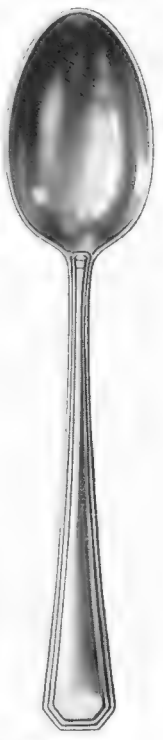


A well-remembered Anniversary

It was a happy idea. This year they would celebrate their Wedding Anniversary by purchasing a new canteen with spoons, forks and cutlery of modern design. At Mappin & Webb's Showrooms, they chose from London's most impressive display of canteens, with services of spoons and forks of the world-famed Mappin Plate and 'Trustworthy' cutlery. Visitors are always welcome at the Showrooms.



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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE GRAND MARSHAL BERTRAND

The Memoirs of a Great Figure of the Napoleonic Age Deciphered, Annotated, and Offered to the Public

"Of all the people who surrounded the Emperor at St. Helena one stands out above all others. This is Grand Marshal Bertrand," wrote a great Napoleonic scholar forty years ago, at the same time lamenting that Bertrand's memoirs of St. Helena were not accessible. In 1946, however, a strong-box found among the possessions of one of his descendants was discovered to contain the papers of the Grand Marshal, and among them, written in a complicated sort of shorthand, his memoirs, which have now been translated by Frances Hume and deciphered and annotated by the eminent French historian, M. Paul Fleuriot de Langle. The find is, of course, of the greatest importance to students of the era, and the volume now issued covers the period of the last few months of the Emperor's life, from January to May 1821. NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA : Memoirs of General Bertrand (Cassell. 21s.) is obviously a book of exceptional interest, and the melancholy and distress of the journal entries seem to reflect with utter candour the mood of the men around Napoleon in those tragic days at Longwood.

Whether he likes it or not, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has become a classic name in English letters during his own lifetime, and now produces for our delight and in his eightieth year, a collection of sketches and tales which he has called A MINGLED YARN (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.). The author modestly tells us that he has put the book together "to serve a private notion of tidiness"; the publishers, less diffidently but quite as accurately, say that these autobiographical pieces will give deep and lasting pleasure to thousands. As one of that number I can recommend this book and its strong, yet delicate, and infinitely perceptive writing, as a lasting delight to the lover of true literature.

THE GLORY OF PYRETHRUM : This illustration is taken from Constance Spry's new and informative volume, *How To Do The Flowers* (published by Dent), which is reviewed on this page by Vernon Fane.

UNION-CASTLE CHRONICLE 1853-1953 (Longmans. 21s.) is a history of that famous shipping line from the days when the rival Union Line and the Castle Line struggled for supremacy of the sea routes, through the time of the amalgamation and the forming of the Union-Castle Line more than fifty years ago, to our own days and the modern ships that make up one of the world's finest merchant fleets. In two World Wars, in depressions, booms and through scores of the changes that development and research bring, these ships have maintained their reputation on the high seas, and the men that directed, sailed and saw service in them, their high name among British sailors.

Madagascar is THE BLOOD-RED ISLAND (Staples. 12s. 6d.) of Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's title, and the scene of a six-months stay which he made there as a sergeant in Combined Operations, and which he describes as "the most hectic, the most enjoyable and . . . the most fantastic." As ever, Mr. Croft-Cooke writes with his own combination of the care for words which distinguishes the professional writer, and youthful zest which is more often found in those telling, quite unprofessionally, a jolly good tale to a couple of chums. The result is rather charming on the whole, and certainly disarming. In this particular case, used to describe a land and a people, the Malgaches, whom the author obviously liked and appreciated, the style results in a book that, even at this ten-year distance from the happenings it describes, is surprisingly interesting.

I suppose that the only home that wouldn't be improved by a study of How To Do THE FLOWERS (Dent. 7s. 6d.) is Mrs. Constance Spry's own, which, since it is the author's, is certain to be impeccable. The little book has three excellent points : it is readable, it is clearly laid out and expounded, and it is practical first, last and all the time. Some may find a fourth point in Mr. Beverley Nichols's foreword and his dictum that "of all her innovations, I think the use of the withered hydrangea . . . the most significant."

THE WOODEN O (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.) is, by the most exigent standards, a very-well-mannered novel ; controlled but never tame, shapely, intelligent and reasonable in the sense that the French speak of *une femme raisonnable*, meaning, presumably, one with whom it is possible to reason. Celia Dale, the author, has enchanted us before, but never, like Miss Bennet, long enough. She is an author whose strength is that she writes about people as if she liked them and were perfectly content to be one herself, neither patronisingly nor with an unreal assumption that everyone has a heart of gold *really*. On the contrary, she writes quietly and well, and it is not until the end of this story about a theatrical company doing a season of Shakespeare's plays that one realises how acute the characterisation and how natural the dialogue has been.

Mr. Nevil Shute's new novel is, frankly, a disappointment in its lugubrious title and in its melancholy forecast of affairs in thirty years' time when England, prophesies Mr. Shute, will be in a pretty poor way, and when the only hope for an Englishman or Englishwoman will be either to go and live in Australia, marry an Australian, or behave as much like one as possible. This love-affair Mr. Shute has been having with Australia in recent novels is, in other words, becoming rather too much of a good thing. Apart from all that, IN THE WET (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) tells a story as this writer alone can tell it, whatever the mood and the subject, so that one picks up the book for a first glance and only comes back to earth four or five chapters later. In fact, it 's because of this brilliantly developed gift of Mr. Shute's that one wants—and expects—nothing but the very best from him.

MANY, MANY TIMES (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.) proves again that it is possible for a writer to take two or three separate themes with no obvious relation between them and weld them without any discordance into a single powerful story. The writer, of course, must have a good idea of construction and a very good idea indeed of where his story is headed if it is not to be confused, but Mr. James Riddell appears to have mastered this difficult technique admirably, and whether he is dealing with sacred or profane love, with Egyptian whisky-drinkers, abstemious London publishers, reincarnation or sharp practice, his story line is perfectly distinct. What is at least as important is that it 's a good one, quite absorbingly good.

Mr. Anthony Rhodes writes of A BALL IN VENICE (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), of Venice itself and of Venetians, both native and imported, in his amusing and not quite improbable novel set in the present day, and owing a great deal to the author's wit and invention, and less to his sense of logic. What an odd place his Venice is, to be sure, though we know that it may have as many eccentricities as churches, and though Venetian politics and *amours* are traditionally embroiled. An entertaining affair, nevertheless.

Mr. Alfred Duggan calls his new book a fictional biography, and it is based on the life of an historical character, a Norman knight, Roussel de Balliol, who fought in Italy in the eleventh century, and further afield in the Levant. THE LADY OF THE RANSOM (Faber. 15s.) tells not only of his doings which included an attempt to found a little realm for himself in Asia, but also of his redoubtable wife's activities, who accompanied him with her brood of children practically into battle and who was a woman of dominating character, to put it with suitable restraint. Mr. Duggan cultivates an easier style and a lighter touch with each book he writes, and since the question of his scholarship was never in doubt, he is now in grav danger of becoming a popular author.

It might be argued that Ambassadors don't writ nearly enough novels. Certainly they don't writ many, though it would be difficult to assess the deman otherwise than diplomatically. Now Sir Pierson Dix has produced FAREWELL, CATULLUS (Hollis and Cart 12s. 6d.), an imaginative reconstruction, written wit considerable charm, of the last nine years of the poet life in Rome before he died at the very early age thirty. Extremely readable, even for those of us wl are non-classicists.

GOING UP—GOING DOWN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6 is a closely-written, thoughtful and admirably natu novel about two young people whose rôles and ev whose characters appear to change about during th acquaintance. Mr. Dennis Parry is a serious, distinct from a glum writer, and this book shows h effective is his use of implicit rather than stat humour.

SOUTHERN STEEL (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is a no about a small group of people in an industrial to in New South Wales, by the Australian writer Mi Dymphna Cusack. It is an odd mixture of the straigh forward and the diffuse, but the over-riding impressi is that the writer not only knows her subject w but understands its setting and its protagonists. N her best book, by a medium-sized chalk, but quite good one to be going on with.

INTO THIN AIR (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is the one thrill of the week, and a splendid choice. This story of M Jack Iams' about Communist infiltration into a N York radio station, as it might be the official Voi of America organisation, is tense, possible and as crisp, it may be said, as the American version of a Ribston Pippin.

IN THE RHODES TRADITION

An African Pioneer Looks Back On Some of the Highlights of the Railway Building Era

This is a moment in the history of Africa when the dreams of the pioneers are coming true. In the heart of the Continent a new union of States is emerging, with the Rhodesias, those creations of the heart and brain of Cecil Rhodes, no longer a hinterland, but a focal-point of industrial and commercial development. In his new volume, SOME AFRICAN MILESTONES (George Ronald. 18s. 6d.), H. F. Varian surveys the field of pioneering days in Africa, when the great railway systems began to take shape, dealing in particular detail with the Cape-to-Cairo route and the Benguela Railway, the latter linking the High Katanga of the Congo and the rich fields of the Copper Belt with the Atlantic shore. Mr. Varian was the Chief Resident Engineer for the construction of the Benguela line. This was not the only one of his achievements in railway pioneering. He built the Gwelo—Blinkwater line, and as an explorer he made several reconnaissance surveys, sometimes over Livingstone's old trails and sometimes across virgin territory. Altogether this is a fascinating book, made more fascinating by the author's tales of big-game hunting, but it does not quite fit in to the modern world picture, for the theme is essentially the theme of a white Africa, and we are not asked to look beyond the master race and the paramount powers. Outside the field of commerce there is no great preoccupation with the trends of the day, and perhaps no particular thought for what may befall in an awakening Africa in these uneasy times.

Here are two books by Americans that both attempt to assess other people and other lands. One of them takes humour for armament, and the other rests largely upon the marshalling of well co-ordinated facts. Both are likely to attain a measure of success, and there perhaps all similarity ends. In BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.), Margery Finn Brown looks at modern Japan. The author has written a fair, honest, lively and human book about the Japanese. She has succeeded, it may be said, because she set out to know the people and, if possible, to like them. "Present-day Japan is pretty hard to see in the round," the author freely admits. "There 's the old Japan that is far from dead ; a future Japan which is anybody's guess, and occupied Japan in which eighty million people are trying to bridge the gap between the past and the future." In SMITH'S LONDON JOURNAL (Arthur Barker. 16s.), H. Allen Smith sets down his findings after observing the British in their homes, on their streets, and in their offices. He has obviously had a great deal of fun in building up this lighthearted assessment, and the British will no doubt have a great deal of fun reading it, if only to see at what points they think the author has gone wide of the mark ; for not every shot is a bull in this gay survey of Britannic ways of life.

And finally here are three books all concerned with the chase, although it would be difficult to find three volumes more various in the matter of the objects under pursuit, the portly elephant, the graceful flamingo, and last of all the South American head-hunter.

Heinrich Oberjohan's WILD ELEPHANT CHASE (Dennis Dobson. 15s.) is a story of adventure in the Lake Chad region. Oblivious of discomfort and fatigue, perhaps reckless and certainly obstinate, the author has followed the wild elephants of Central Africa, observing their life and habits at every season, and if he has not solved all the riddles posed by these mysterious creatures he gives a great many interesting explanations of their behaviour, their system of communication, the code of their herd and family life. Needless to say, much of this close observation was achieved in the face of mortal danger.

No less assiduous in his searching has been Paul Zahl who, in FLAMINGO HUNT (Hammond, Hammond. 10s. 6d.) describes his attempt to find the nesting-place of the pink flamingoes in Bahaman waters. He travelled by sailing-boat, on foot, by donkey and by aeroplane in this breathless search, and in this world of sea, sun and salty marshes he was obviously thoroughly at home and at the same time an acute observer of all around him.

Karl Eskelund is a Dane by birth, with a Chinese wife, and has made his home in Guatemala. But he never stops travelling for long, and in HEAD-HUNTING IN ECUADOR (Burke. 18s.) he describes an arduous but rewarding journey with his wife along the mountainous spine of South America before making contact with the head-hunters of Ecuador who live behind the almost impenetrable jungle wall and are a law unto themselves. These kindly folk never make surprise attacks, we are told ; that would be bad form. They always tell the enemy they are on the warpath. Apparently the result is always the same in the end.

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CONTINENTAL TOURING SCHEME

The Rootes Group announce a special scheme to assist owners of Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot cars when touring on the continent; operated with the permission of the Bank of England.

Owners resident in the U.K. may pay in sterling in this country for emergency repairs, including labour charges, whilst on tour, up to a maximum of £50, thus saving the personal travel allowance. The scheme may be operated through any Rootes Group Distributor or Dealer in those European countries in which the travel allowance applies.

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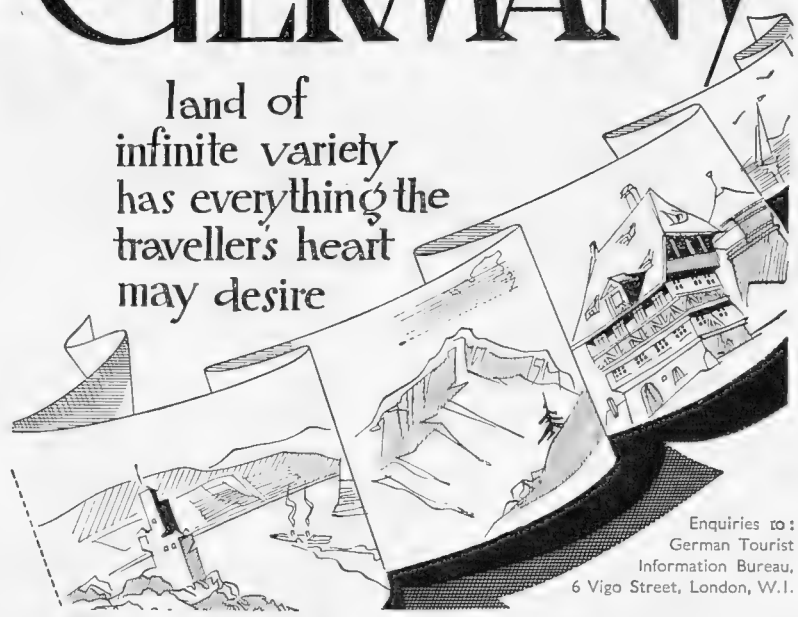

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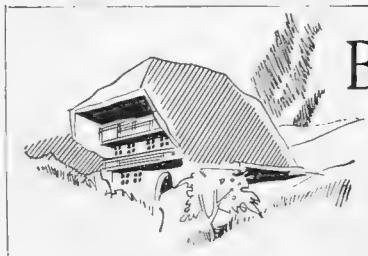

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*For the romantic charm of the Black Forest * Lake Constance River Neckar River Danube*

Enquiries and leaflets from: Badischer Fremdenverkehrsverband, Freiburg/Breisgau
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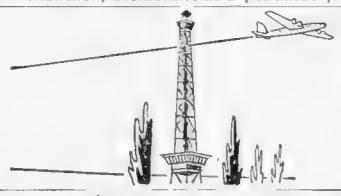

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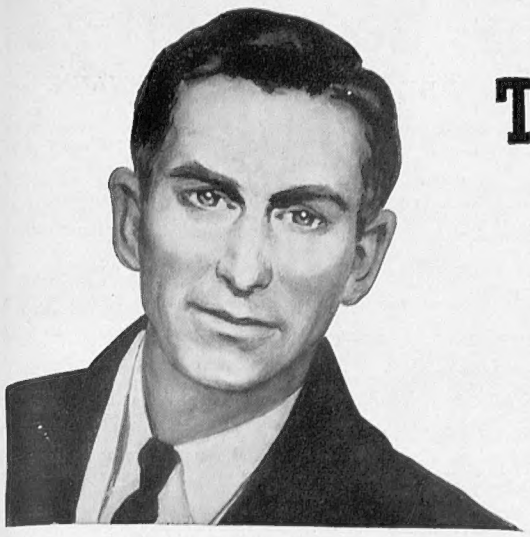

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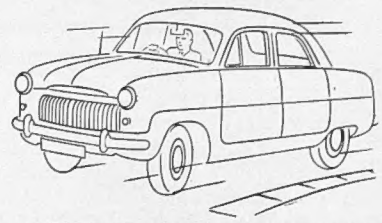

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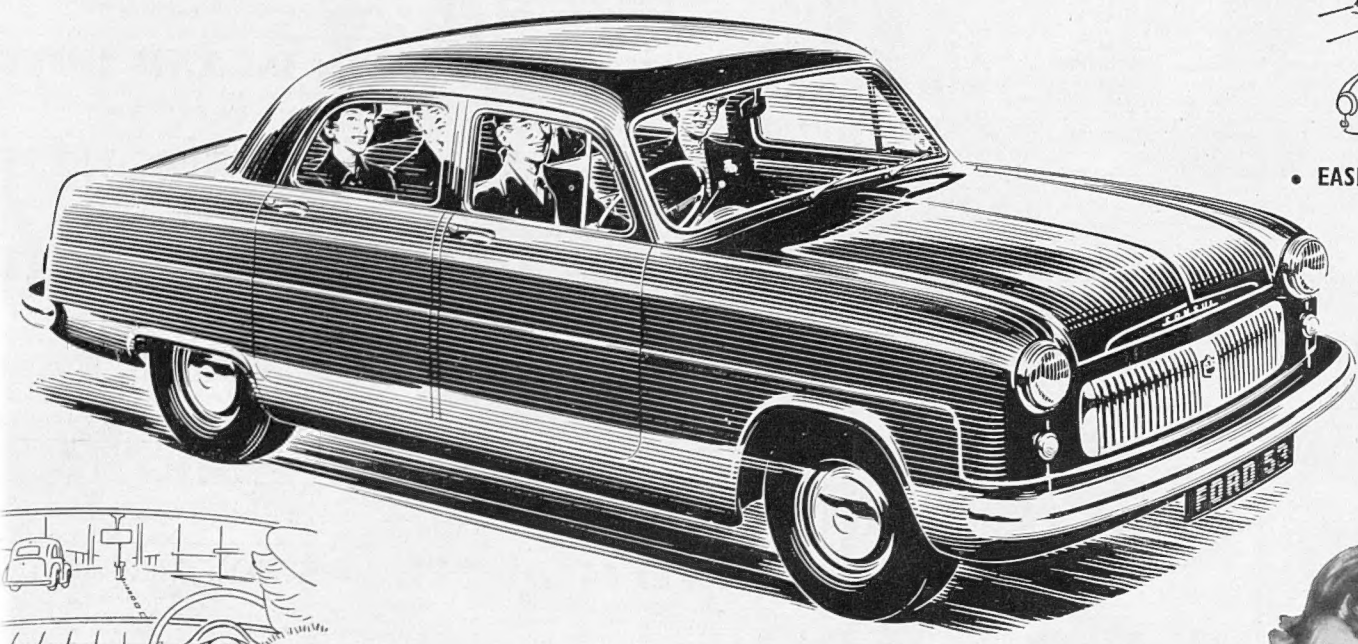

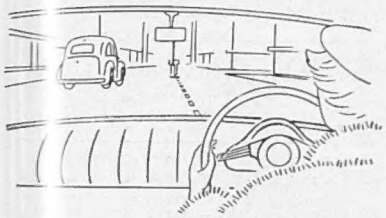

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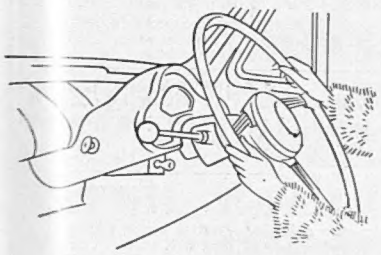

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

IN spring and early summer, the gardens of Britain awaken fresh thoughts of admiration. I question, however, whether we who frequent hotels fully appreciate the money and time that are spent on their grounds for our edification.

Recently I was staying at *The Old Swan*, formerly the *Harrogate Hydro*, and was struck by the way in which every member of the staff was encouraged to give full expression to his or her individuality. None more so than the head gardener. The flowers, and especially the orchids, in *The Old Swan* garden and glasshouses are a feature at many a horticultural show and continuously fill the hotel with their fragrance and their beauty.

Further north, I came to *Fishers*, at Pitlochry, an hotel which of recent years has undergone a complete metamorphosis. Alas, I was too early to enjoy the 40,000 plants which are bedded-out annually here by green fingers, but in the heyday of their glory, the grounds here must resemble a miniature Chelsea Flower Show. In the meanwhile, flowers from the glasshouses adorn the hotel the whole year round. How much more inviting a dining-room looks with vases of fresh flowers at each table!

Not only are we hotel visitors able to enjoy the variety of flowers from the grounds, but often we have the unmistakable benefit of fresh garden produce. As an example, I would cite the popular *Buchanan Arms* at Drymen—a good base for Loch Lomond and the Trossachs. Here visitors to the hotel can not only eat tender salads and vegetables, grown almost under their very eyes, but they can also purchase fresh garden produce in the entrance hall.

Flowers are often so expensive to buy in the shops that motorists welcome the opportunity of obtaining newly-picked flowers and fruit from the countryside. An hotel offering such facilities is *The Roebuck*, at Wych Cross, in Sussex, on the London-Eastbourne road.

With summer days ahead, it will be pleasant to plan outings to the country-house type of hotel where, after a good meal, you can stroll around or relax in delightful grounds. We in Britain are indeed fortunate in the opportunities awaiting us in this respect. I have here but little space in which to enlarge on this aspect of hotel gardens, but, dependent upon where you live, and where you are holidaying, the following occur to me: in the Cotswolds, *Farncombe House Hotel*, on the top of Broadway Hill; in the Lake District, *Langdale Chase Hotel*, overlooking Windermere; near Exeter, *Gipsy Hill Hotel*, Pinhoe, and, only half an hour's run from the centre of London, *Oatlands Park Hotel*, at Weybridge. Readers who happen to know these hotels will, I am sure, endorse my selection.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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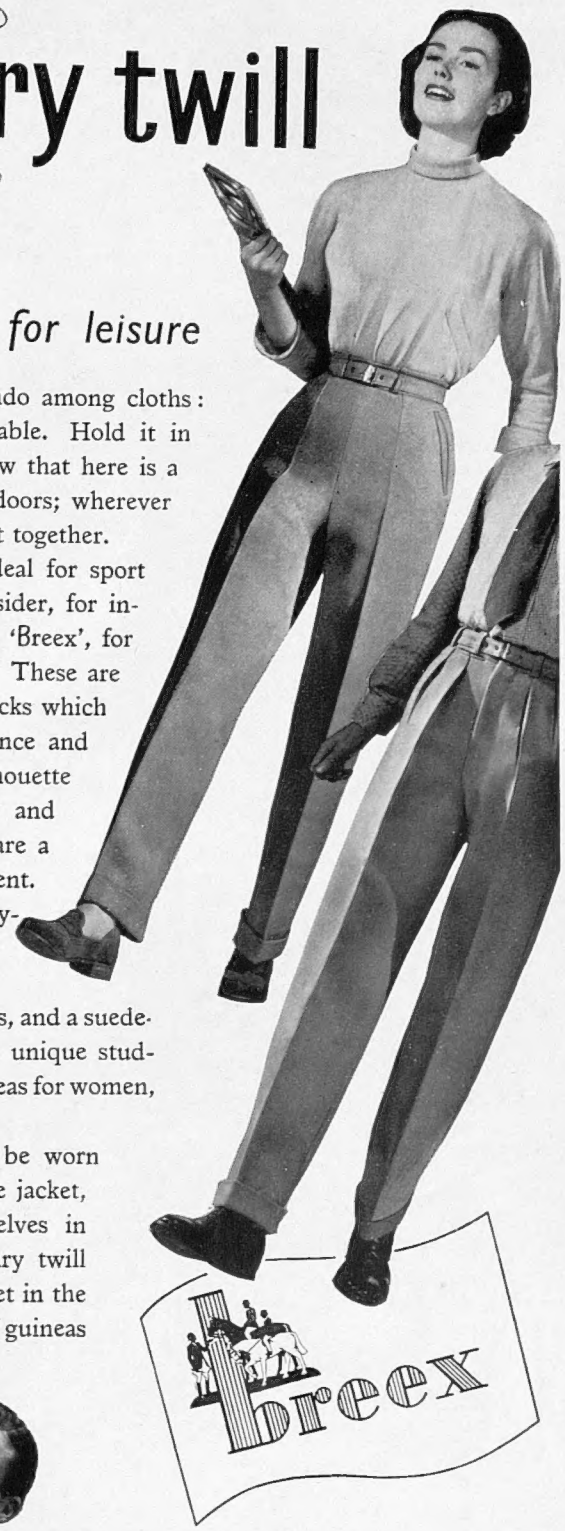

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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

THE COAT-OF-ARMS illustrated here with a contemporary illuminated border is that of James Andrew Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, Lord of Ramsay and Carrington, Lord Ramsay of Melrose and Dalhousie, Baron Dalhousie of Dalhousie Castle, later Marquess of Dalhousie.

He was the tenth Earl, belonging to a family tracing its ancestry back to the 12th century. Born in 1812, he entered Parliament in 1837 becoming President of the Board of Trade in 1845 and Governor General of India in 1847, the youngest man ever to hold the appointment. His period of office, which extended until 1856, was marked by great advances in British India. He died in 1860.

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